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By the Marquis of NORMANBY.

*An EPISTLE to the EARL of DORSET*

By Charles Montague, Lord HALIFAX.

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The Second Edition.

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London: Printed for Ralph Smith, at the Bible  
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TO A  
YOUNG LADY,  
WITH THE  
FIRST EDITION  
OF THESE  
Miscellanies.

**A** CCEPT this Gift, *Lucinda*, and approve  
The humble Tribute of an early Love.  
Verse is the fittest Offering we can give  
To Beauty, or that Beauty can receive;  
For Love and Poesy Companions are,  
And Wit was given to oblige the Fair.  
Since 'tis *her Charms* alone that can inspire,  
And fill the Poets breast with Heavenly fire;

B

To

To a Young Lady.

To Offer at another Shrine, wou'd be  
 The highest pitch of gross Idolatry.  
 Men to those Deities, they worship, bring  
 Of the same Gifts they gave an Offering :  
 To *Ceres Corn* we pay, to *Flora Flow'rs*,  
*Pomona* has her *Fruit*, and *Verse* is Yours.

Here the Composer has employ'd his care,  
 To chuse what best might entertain the Fair,  
 And in one body skilfully unite  
 The scatter'd Beams of Poetry and Wit.  
 Here just *Roscommon* with full lustre shines ;  
 And easy Art informs his flowing Lines.  
 From Verse whilst tender *Mulgrave* seeks relief,  
 The mournful Graces wait upon his Grief.  
 Here gentle *Etheridge's* and *Sydley's* Muse  
 Warm the Coy Maid, and melting Love infuse :  
 No unchast Words, with harsh offensive sound  
 The tender Ears of blushing Virgins wound,

Nor Thoughts, which nauseous Images inspire,  
 And damp the glowing heat of soft desire :  
 But calm and easy the sweet Numbers move,  
 And ev'ry Verse is influenc'd by Love.  
 Here, bright *Lucinda*, you'll with pleasure see  
 Perform'd, what Nature has *outdone* in Thee.  
 Nature (whom *We* a cruel Mother find,  
 But too indulgent to the *Female Kind*;)   
 Has with nice Art and a peculiar Care,  
 Chose the Perfections of each charming Fair;  
*Aurelia's Judgment*, and *Corinna's Wit*,  
 And *Chloe's Beauty* in *Lucinda* meet ;  
 In thee their beams with pow'rful influence join,  
 And what was singly bright, united is Divine.  
 Oh ! that *Lucinda* too wou'd but improve  
 The charms of Beauty, with the charms of Love ;  
 'Tis that alone enslaves the *willing* mind,  
 And makes our Chains more sure, yet softer bind ,  
 When Beauty *Smiles*, her Darts resistless are ;  
 And the Fair Maid that's Kind, is doubly Fair.

---

AN  
ESSAY  
ON  
POETRY:

By the Right Honourable the  
MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

**O**F things in which Mankind does most  
excel,

Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing* well ;  
And of all sorts of Writing none there are  
That can the least with *Poetry* compare :  
No kind of work requires so *nice* a touch,  
And if *well finish'd*, nothing shines so much ;

But

But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,  
To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name ;  
'Tis not a flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes  
Dazling our Minds, sets off the lightest Rhimes ;  
Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done ;  
*True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun ;*  
Which the sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.  
Number, and Rhime, and that harmonious  
Sound,

Which never does the Ear with *Harshness*  
wound,

Are necessary, yet but *vulgar Arts*,  
For all in vain these superficial parts  
Contribute to the Structure of the whole  
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul ;*  
A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,  
As that of *Nature* moves the World about ;  
A *Heat* which glows in every word that's writ,  
'Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit ;*

It self unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.

Where dost thou dwell? What Caverns of the  
Brain

Can such a vast, and mighty thing, contain?

When I, at idle hours, in vain thy absence  
mourn,

O where dost thou retire? and why dost thou  
return,

Sometimes with powerful Charms to hurry me  
away

From *Pleasures* of the Night, and *Business* of the  
Day?

Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain  
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.  
As all is *Dullness*, when the Fancy's bad,  
So without *Judgment*, Fancy is but mad;  
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,  
Not only in the choice of *Words* or *Sense*,

But

But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men*;  
*Fancy* is but the *Feather* of the *Pen*;  
*Reason* is that substantial useful part,  
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the  
*Heart*.

Here I should all the various sorts of *Verse*,  
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse,  
But who that Task can after *Horace* do?  
The best of *Masters*, and *Examples* too!  
Ecchoes at best, all we can say is vain,  
Dull the Design, and fruitless were the pain;  
'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with ease,  
But who with that sad shift himself can please,  
Without an *Actor's* pride: A *Player's* Art,  
Is above his, who writes a *borrowed* part.  
Yet *modern* Laws are made for *later* Faults,  
And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts*;  
What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,  
When so much *fresh* occasion still is left?

Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,  
 And Monsters, worse than ever *Nilus* breeds;  
 But hold, the *Fools* shall have no cause to fear,  
 'Tis *Wit* and *Sense* that is the Subject here.  
 Defects of witty Men *deserve* a Cure,  
 And those who are so, will ev'n *this* endure.

First then of *SONGS*, which now so much  
 abound

Without his *Song* no Fop is to be found,  
 A most offensive Weapon which he draws  
 On all he meets against *Apollo's* Laws :  
 Tho nothing seems more easie, yet no part  
 Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer* Art ;  
 For as in rows of *richest* Pearl there lies  
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,  
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shewn  
 In some *small Ring*, and brings the value down ;

---



So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought ;  
Yet where can we see one without a Fault ;  
Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought ;  
*Expression* easie, and the *Fancy* high,  
Yet *that* not seem to creep, nor *this* to fly ;  
No Words *transpos'd*, but in such order all,  
As, tho hard wrought, may seem by chance to  
fall.

Here, as in all things else, is most unfit  
Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit ;  
Such *nauseous Songs* by a late Author made  
Call an *unwilling* Censure on his *Shade*.  
Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting  
Joy,  
Can shock the *chastest*, or the *nicest* cloy ;  
But *obscene* Words, too gross to move Desire,  
Like Heaps of Fewell do but *choak* the Fire.  
On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,  
But palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next

Next, \* ELEGY, of *smart*, but *solemn* Voice,  
 And of a *Subject* grave, exacts the Choice,  
 The Praise of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wit* contains,  
 And there too oft despairing *Love* complains:  
 In vain alas, for who by *Woe* is mov'd,  
 That *Phoenix* *she* deserves to be belov'd,  
 But *noisy Nonsense*, and such *Rops* as vex  
 Mankind, take most with that *fantastick* Sex.  
 This to the Praise of those who better knew;  
 The *Many* raise the Value of the *Few*.  
 But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,  
*Women* have drawn my wandering Thoughts  
 aside.  
 Their greatest Fault who in this kind have writ,  
 Is not Defect in Words, nor want of Wit;  
 But should this Muse harmonious numbers  
 yield,  
 And every Couplet be with *Fancy* fill'd,

---

\* *Elegy*.

If yet a just *Coherence* be not made  
Between each Thought, and the whole *Mode*,  
laid

So *right*, that every *step* may *higher* rise,  
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the  
*Skies*;

Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,  
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last ;  
'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will,  
But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill,  
No \* *Panegyrick*, nor a || *Coopers-Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force  
Are † ODES, the Muses most unruly Horse ;  
That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no rest,  
But foams at mouth, and moves like one *possess*.  
The Poet here must be indeed inspired,  
With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fired.

---

\* Waller's.

|| Denham's.

† Pindarick Odes.

Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,  
 Had he with *Nature* joyn'd the Rules of *Art*;  
 But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Alay*  
 To that *rich* Fancy, which can ne'er *decay*:  
 Tho all appear in Heat and Fury done,  
 The *Language* still must *soft* and *easy* run.  
 These Laws may seem a little too severe,  
 But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there;  
 Which, tho extravagant, this Muse allows,  
 And makes the Work much easier than it shews.

\* Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find  
 To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,  
 SATYR well writ has most successful prov'd,  
 And cures, because the *Remedy* is lov'd.  
 'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,  
 Without repeating Things said oft before.  
 Some vulgar Errors only we remove,  
 That stain a *Beauty* which so much we love.

Of well *chose* Words some take not care enough,  
And think they should be as the Subject *rough*;  
This great Work must be more exactly made,  
And *sharpest* Thoughts in *smoothest* Words convey'd :

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,  
As if their only Business was to *rail*;

But human Frailty *nicely* to unfold,  
Distinguishes a *Satyr* from a Scold.

Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down,  
A Satyr's *Smile* is *sharper* than his *Frown*;

So, while you seem to *slight* some Rival Youth,  
Malice it self may pass sometimes for Truth.

The \* *Laurent* here may justly claim our Praise.  
Crown'd by † *Mack-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;  
Tho *prais'd* and *punish'd* for another's † Rhimes,  
His own deserve us great Applause sometimes ;

---

\* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

† A Libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho intirely innocent of the whole matter.

But once his *Pegasus* has born dead *Weight*,  
Rid by some *lampish* Minister of State.  
Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend thy Cares a while,  
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil ;  
And as some *Eagle* that designs to fly  
A long *unwonted* Journey through the Sky,  
*Considers* all the dangerous way before,  
Over what *Lands* and *Seas* she is to soar,  
*Doubts* her own *Strength* so far, and justly *fears*  
That lofty Road of *Airy Travellers* ;  
But yet incited by some fair *Design*,  
That does her *Hopes* beyond her *Fears* incline,  
Prunes every Feather, views her self with Care,  
At last *resolv'd*, she cleaves the yielding Air,  
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast.  
She *lessens* to us, and is *lost* at last.  
So (but too weak for such a weighty thing )  
The *Muse* inspires a sharper Note to sing ;  
And why should Truth offend, when only told  
To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold*?

On

On then my Muse, adventrouſly engage  
To give Inſtructions that concern the Stage.

The *Unities* of Action, Time, and Place,  
Which if obſerved, give *Plays* ſo great a  
Grace,  
Are, tho' but little *practis'd*, and well known  
To be taught here, where we pretend alone  
From *nicer* Faults to purge the preſent Age,  
Leſt obvious Errors of the *Engliſh* Stage.

Fiſt then, *SOLILOQUIES* had need be few,  
Extremely ſhort, and ſpoke in *Paſſion* too;  
Our Lovers talking to themſelves, for want  
Of others, make the *Pit* their *Confidant*.  
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus  
They truſt a Friend, only to tell it us;  
Th' occaſion ſhould as naturally fall,  
As when || *Bellarion* confeſſes all.

---

\* *Philoſt.*  
|| In *Philoſt.*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think  
so fine,

Art's *needle's* Varnish to make Nature shine,  
Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,  
And in *Descriptions* only claim a place.

But to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief discourse*  
From Lovers in despair *five things to force*,  
Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity  
A dying Hero miserably *miser*?

But, oh, the Dialogues, where jest, and mock  
Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock!

Or else like Bells, eternally they chime,  
They *fight* in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhime*.

What *Things* are these, who would be Poets  
thought,

By *Nature* not inspir'd, nor *Learning* taught?  
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve  
A better Course than this by which they *stare*:  
But to write Plays! why 'tis a bold pretence  
To *Judgment*, *Breeding*, *Wit*, and *Eloquence*;

Nay



Nay more ; for they must look within to find  
 Those *secret Turns* of Nature in the mind ;  
 Without this part in vain would be the whole,  
 And but a Body all without a Soul :  
 All this together yet is but a part  
 Of Dialogue, that great and powerful Art,  
 Now almost lost, which the old *Greeks* knew  
 From whence the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,  
 Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.  
 Plato and *Lucian* are the best Remains  
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains ;  
 Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,  
*Shakespear* and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now.  
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,  
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before,  
 For tho in many things they grossly fail,  
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,  
 That our *own* Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep,  
 The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *wise* to weep.

Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults ;  
First on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts ;  
Turn it with time a thousand several Ways,  
This oft alone has given success to Plays :  
Reject that *vulgar Error* which appears  
So fair, of making *perfect* Characters ;  
There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw  
A *faultless Monster*, which the World ne'er saw ;  
Some *Faults* must be, that his Misfortunes drew,  
But such as may deserve Compassion too.  
Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,  
Each *moving Scene* must be a *Plot* apart ;  
Contrive each little *turn*, mark every place,  
As *Painters* first *chalk* out the future Face ;  
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,  
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where *shining* Thoughts  
to place,  
As what a Man would say in such a Case.

Neither

Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,  
The *Player* too must be before your Eyes;  
And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,  
To him you must your utmost meaning shew.

Expose no single Fop, but lay the Load  
More *equally*, and spread the Folly broad;  
The other way is *vulgar*, oft we see  
A Fool derided by as bad as he;  
*Hawks* fly at nobler Game; in this low way,  
A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird of Prey*:  
*Ill* Poets so will one poor Fop devour;  
But to collect, like *Bees* from every Flower,  
*Ingredients* to compose that precious Juice,  
Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for  
Use,

In sight of Faction this would Favour get;  
But \**Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

---

\* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakespeare's*;

Another Fault which often does befall,  
 Is when the Wit of some great Poet shall  
 So *overflow*, that is, be none at all,  
 That all his Fools speak *Sense*, as if *possess*,  
 And each by *Inspiration* breaks his Jest;  
 If once the *Justness* of each part be lost,  
 Well we may laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.  
 That silly thing, Men call *Sheer-Wit*, avoid,  
 With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd;  
*Huzour* is all, *Wit* should be only brought  
 To turn agreeably some *proper* Thought.  
 But since the Poets we of late have known,  
 Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their *own*,  
 The better by *Example* to convince,  
 Cast but a View on this *wrong side* of *Sense*.

First a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,  
 Where every Reason is *exactly* weigh'd;—

Which

Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes  
A *Hero* frightened at the Noise of Drums  
For *her* sweet sake, whom at *first sight* he loves,  
And all in *Metaphor* his passion proves ;  
But some sad Accident, though yet unknown,  
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone,  
He streight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,  
And to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *dye* ;  
But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells  
The *absent* Nymph how much his Flame excells,  
And yet bequeaths her *generously* now  
To that dear Rival whom he does not know,  
Who streight appears ( but who can Fate with-  
stand? )  
Too late alas to hold his hasty Hand,  
That just has given himself the cruel Stroke,  
At which this very *Stranger's* Heart is broke ;  
He more to his *new* Friend than Mistress kind,  
Most sadly mourns at being left behind,

Of such a Death prefers the pleasing *Charms*  
To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.

How shameful, and what monstrous things  
are these?

And then they rail at those they cannot please,  
Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,  
And grudge the Sign of old *Ben Johnson's*  
Head ;

When the *intrinsick* Value of the Stage  
Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following* Age ;  
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime  
May keep up *sinking* Nonsense for a time.  
But that may fail which now so much o'er-rules,  
And *Sense* no longer will *submit* to Fools.

\* By painful Steps we are at last got up  
*Parnassus* Hill, on whose bright Airy Top

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\* Epick Poetry.

The *Epick Poets* so divinely show,  
And with *just Pride* behold the rest below.  
*Heroick Poems* have a just pretence  
To be the utmost reach of human Sense,  
A Work of such inestimable Worth,  
There are but *two* the World has yet brought  
forth,

*Homer*, and *Virgil*: with what awful sound  
Do those meer words the Ears of Poets wound !  
Just as a *Changeling* seems below the rest  
Of Men, or rather as a two-legg'd Beast,  
So these *Gigantick* Souls amaz'd we find  
As much above the rest of human kind  
*Natures* whole strength *united* ! endless Fame,  
And universal Shouts attend their Name.  
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,  
For all things else appear so dull and poor,  
*Verse* will seem *Prose*, yet often on him look,  
And you will hardly need another Book.

Had \* *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,  
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous Piece of  
Skill,

As something of *Divine* the Work admir'd,  
Not hop'd to be *Instructed*, but *Inspir'd*;  
But he disclosing sacred *Mysteries*,  
Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,  
Describ'd the *Seeds* and in what order sown,  
That have to such a vast proportion grown;  
Sure from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,  
Who through this *Labyrinth* has given the  
Clue!

But what, alas, avails it poor Mankind  
To see this promis'd Land, yet stay behind?  
The Way is shewn, but who has strength to go?  
Who can all *Sciences* exactly know?  
Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,  
And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right?

---

\* A late Author.



Whose *just* Discernment, *Virgil*-like, is such,  
(Never to say too little, or too much ?

Let such a Man begin without delay,

But he must do much more than I can say,

Must above *Cowley*, nay and *Milton* too pre-  
vail,

Succeed where *great Torquato*, and our greater  
*Spencer* fail.

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T H E

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THE  
TEMPLE  
OF  
DEATH.

By the Right Honourable the  
MARQUIS of NORMANBY,

A Translation out of *FRENCH*.

**I**N those cold Climates, where the Sun  
appears

Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears ;

A dreadful Vale lies in a Desert Isle,

On which indulgent Heaven did never smile.

There

There a thick Grove of Aged Cypress Trees,  
Which none without an awful horror sees,  
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,  
Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives;  
Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,  
And Winter is the only Season there,  
Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,  
And springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield,  
Whose streams oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,  
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,  
Old as the World it self, which it commands ;  
Round is its figure, and four Iron-Gates  
Divide Mankind, by order of the Fates.  
There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common  
Grave,  
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the  
Slave.

28      *The Temple of DEATH.*

Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most  
deplores,

Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors ;  
All clad in mournful Blacks, which also Load  
The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode,  
And Tapers of a pitchy substance made,  
With Clouds of smoak increase the dismal  
Shade.

A Monster, void of Reason and of Sight,  
The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.  
Her Power extends o'er all things that have  
breath,

A Cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.  
The fairest Object of our wond'ring Eyes  
Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice ;  
Th' adjoining places where the Altar stood,  
Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* Blood.  
When griev'd *Orontes*, whose unhappy flame  
Is known to all that e'er converse with Fame ;

His

His mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,  
Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer :  
*Great Deity !* Who in thy hands do'st bear  
That rusty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear ;  
Who wanting Eyes, thy self respectest none,  
And neither spares the Laurel, nor the Crown !  
Oh thou, whom all Mankind in vain with-  
stands !

Each of whose Blood must one day stain thy  
hands !

Oh thou, who every Eye, which sees the Light,  
Closest again in an eternal Night !

Open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,  
To which thy only power can give Relief :

I come not hither to prolong my Fate,  
But wish my wretched Life a shorter date,  
And that the Earth would in its Bowels hide  
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side :  
That from the sight of Day I could remove,  
And might have nothing left me but my Love.

Thou

30      *The Temple of DEATH*

Thou only Comforter of Minds oppress'd ;  
The Port, where wearied Spirits are at rest ;  
Conduſter to *Elyſium* ! Take my Life ;  
My Breast I offer to thy Sacred Knife :  
So just a Grace refuse not, nor despise  
A Willing, though a Worthless Sacrifice.  
Others, their frail and mortal State forgot,  
Before thy Altars are not to be brought  
Without constraint ; the noise of dying rage,  
Heaps of the Slain of every Sex and Age,  
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,  
With sever'd Heads and Arms confus'dly spread,  
The Rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,  
The Groans of Wretches ready to expire :  
This Tragick Scene makes them in Terror Live,  
Till that is forc'd, which they should freely give,  
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,  
Their fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.  
Before thy Face they make undecent moan,  
And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one ;

The

The flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breast ,  
And he a Murtherer, who was a Priest ;  
His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,  
By which the Body does the Soul detain :

But against me thy strongest Forces call,  
And on my Head let all the Tempest fall ;  
No shrinking back shall any weakness shew,  
And calmly I'll expect the fatal blow ;

My Limbs not trembling , in my mind no  
fear,

Plaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.  
Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,  
That universal Cure for every grief,  
Whose aid so many Lovers oft have found,  
With like success can ever heal my wound ;  
Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art ;  
Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart.

And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,  
Learn the extreamest rigor of my Fate.

Amidst

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous Train,  
*Paris* the Queen of Cities, does contain,  
The fairest Town, the largest, and the best,  
So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest.

From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeless flame,  
Was of our Youth the most ambitious aim ;  
Her Chains were marks of Honour to the Brave,  
She made a Prince when e'er she made a Slave.  
Love under whose Tyrannick Power I groan,  
Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown ;  
Her tim'rous Charms, and her unpractis'd Look,  
Their first assurance from my Conquest took ;  
By wounding me, she learnt the fatal Art,  
And the first sigh she had, was from My Heart ;  
My Eyes with Tears moist'ning her snowy  
Arms,

Render'd the Tribute owing to her Charms :  
But as I soonest of all Mortals paid  
My Vows, and to her Beauty Altars made ;

So



So among all those Slaves that sigh'd in vain,  
She thought me only worthy of my Chain.  
Love's heavy Burthen, my Submissive Heart  
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part ;  
My violent flame melted her frozen Breast,  
And in soft Sighs her Pity she exprest ;  
Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,  
And her fair Hands Sustain'd me in my Chains ;  
Even Tears of Pity waited on my Moan,  
And tender Looks were cast on me alone.  
My hopes and dangers were less mine, than  
hers,  
Those fill'd her Soul with Joys, and these with  
Fears :  
Our hearts united, had the same desires,  
And both alike, burn'd in Impatient Fires.

Too Faithful Memory ! I give thee Leave  
Thy wretched Master kindly to deceive ;

34      *The Temple of DEATH.*

Make me not once possessor of her Charms ;  
 Let me not find her Languish in my Arms ;  
 Past Joys are now my Fancies mournful Theatres ;  
 Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams :  
 Let not that Bliss before my Eyes be brought :  
 Oh ! hide those Scenes from my tormenting  
     Thought ;

And in their place, Disdainful Beauty shew,  
 If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so ;  
 And something to abate my deep Despair,  
 Oh, let her seem less Gentle, or less Fair.  
 But I in vain, flatter my wounded Mind,  
 Never was Nymph so Lovely, or so Kind :  
 No cold Repulses, my Desires suppress,  
 I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* Breast ;  
 Of all the Passions which Mankind destroy,  
 I only felt excess of Love and Joy :  
 Numberless Pleasures charm'd my Sense, and  
     they  
 Were as my Love, without the least Allay.

As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,  
For like a pleasing Dream, they all are past.  
From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Light'ning  
came,  
Which breaks through Darkness with its Glori-  
ous Flame,  
A while it Shines, a while our Sight it cheers,  
But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears,  
And thunder follows, whose resistless Rage,  
None can withstand, and nothing can Assuage.  
So oft the Light, which those bright flashes gave,  
Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When I had just begun Love's Joys to taste,  
(Those full Rewards for Fears and Dangers  
past)

A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought  
The richest Work that ever Nature Wrought.  
All things below, alas, uncertain stand;  
The firmest Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand;

36      *The Temple of DEATH.*

Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend  
And no beginning is without an end.

A Sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all,  
And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall :

Time, whose bold hand alike does bring to dust  
Mankind, and all those Powers in which they  
    trust.

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,  
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,  
And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains,  
But yields at last to her resistless pains ;  
Thus while the Fever am'rous of his Prey,  
Through all her Veins makes his delightful way,  
Her Fate's, like *Semile's*, the Flames destroy  
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.  
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,  
Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade ;  
Her Skin has lost that Lustre which surpass  
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last ;

Her

Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest hearts,  
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts,  
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,  
And sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.  
The Fever every moment more prevails,  
Its rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails;  
She, whose Disdain so many Lovers prove,  
Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,  
And with loud Cries which rend the neighb'ring  
Air,

Wounds my sad heart, and wakens my Despair.  
Both Gods and Men I charge now with my loss,  
And wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other  
cross ;

My Heart and Tongue labour in both extremes,  
That sends up slighted Prayers, while this  
blasphemes :

I ask their help, whose malice I defy,  
And mingle Sacrilege with Piety ;

38      *The Temple of DEATH.*

But that which does yet more perplex my mind,  
To love her truly, I must seem unkind:  
So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,  
I must restrain unruly floods of Tears.  
My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms,  
I shew a calmness in the midst of Storms,  
I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,  
And almost dead with grief, discover none.  
But who can long deceive a Loving Eye,  
Or with dry Eyes behold his Mistress die ;  
When Passion had with all its terrors brought  
Th' approaching danger nearer to my Thought,  
Off on a sudden, fell the forc'd disguise,  
And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping Eyes,  
My apprehensions now no more confin'd,  
Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my mind.  
The Fair Afflicted, soon perceives my Tears,  
Explains my Sighs , and thence concludes my  
Fears ;

With

With sad Prefages of her hopeless Case,  
She reads her Fate in my dejected Face ;  
Then, feels my Torment, and neglects her own,  
While I am sensible of hers alone ;  
Each does the others burden kindly bear,  
I fear her Death, and she bewails my Fear ;  
Though we thus suffer under Fortune's Darts,  
'Tis only those of Love which reach our Hearts.  
Mean-while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,  
Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears :  
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,  
Like Wind and Oyl increase the fatal fire.

*Almeria*, then, feeling the Destinies  
About to shut her Lips, and close her Eyes,  
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling Hand,  
And with these words, I scarce could under-  
stand ;  
Her Passion in a dying Voice express'd  
Half, and her Sighs alas, made out the rest.

40     *The Temple of DEATH.*

'Tis past; this Pang, Nature gives o'er the  
strife;

Thou must thy Mistress Lose, and I my Life;  
I dye, but dying thine, the Fates may prove  
Their Conquest over me, but not my Love;  
Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,  
In spite of Death it self, shall still remain:

Ah! Dear *Orontes*, my hard Fate denies

That hope is the last thing which in us dies:

From my griev'd Breast all those soft Thoughts  
are fled,

And Love survives, although my Hope is dead;

I yield my Life, but keep my Passion yet,

And can all thoughts but of *Orontes* quit;

My flame increases as my strength decays,

Death, which puts out the light, the heat does  
raise;

That still remains, though I from hence remove,  
I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.



*The Sigh*, which sent forth that last tender word,  
Up towards the Heaven's like a bright *Meteor*  
soar'd,

And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,  
Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's Arms ;  
Which shews, since Death could deny him relief.  
That 'tis in vain we hope to die with grief.

*Goddeſs*, who now my Fate has understood,  
Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood ;  
Here let me end the Story of my Cares,  
My Dismal Grief enough the rest declares.  
Judge thou by all this Misery display'd,  
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid :  
Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws,  
And my sad wishes have too just a Cause.

Come, then, my only hope ; in every place  
Thou viſiteſt, Men tremble at thy Face,

And

And fear thy Name ; once let thy fatal hand  
Fall on a Swain, that does the blow demand.  
Vouchsafe thy Dart : I need not one of those,  
With which thou dost unwilling Kings depose ;  
Thy weakest, my desir'd release can bring,  
And free my Soul already on her wing.  
But since all Prayers and Tears are vain, I'll try,  
If, spite of thee, 'tis possible to die.

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A  
P A R A P H R A S E

On the CXLVIII.

P S A L M.

By the Earl of *Roscommon*.

**O** Azure Vaults! O Crystal Sky!  
The World's transparent Canopy,  
Break your long silence, and let Mortals know,  
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,  
Who Conquer whereso'er you are,

Let

44      *A Paraphrase on Psalm 148.*

Let Ecchoing Anthems make his Praises known  
On Earth, his Footstool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of All, whose Glorious Ray  
Rules the bright Empire of the Day.

O praise his Name, without whose purer Light,  
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyss of Night:

Ye Moon and Planets who dispence,  
By God's Command your Influence.

Resign to him, as your Creator, due,  
That Veneration which Men pay to you;  
Fairest, as well as first of things,  
From whom all Joy, all Beauty springs.

O praise the Almighty Ruler of the Globe,  
Who useth thee for his Empyrean Robe:  
Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres,  
Whose Sacred Stamp all Nature bears.

Who

Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,  
And whose Command is th' universal Law ;  
Ye wat'ry Mountains of the Sky,  
And you so far above our Eye.

Vast ever-moving Orbs, Exalt his Name,  
Who gave its being to your Glorious Frame :  
Ye Dragons, whose Contagious Breath  
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death;

Change your fierce hissing into joyful Song,  
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongue.  
Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep.  
That in the Seas vast Bosoms sleep,

At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,  
Yet know their Limits, Tremble, and Adore  
Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow,  
And you who through the Concave blow.

Swift

Swift Executors of his holy Word,      ( Lord  
Whirlwinds and Tempest praise the Almighty  
Mountains, who to your Maker's View  
Seem less than Mole-Hills do to you,

Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,  
All Heaven was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke :  
Praise him sweet Off-spring of the Ground,  
With Heavenly Nectar yearly Crown'd.

And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praise.  
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raise :  
Idle Musicians of the Spring,  
Whose only care's to Love and Sing,

Fly thro the world, and let your trembling Throat  
Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note.  
Praise him each Salvage Furious Beast,  
That on his Stores do daily feast.

And

And you tame Slaves of the Laborious Plow,  
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow:  
Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,  
Whose Power hath here no Periods :

May all Attempts against your Crown be vain,  
But still remember by whose power you Reign :  
Let the wide World his Praises sing,  
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring,

And from the *Danube* frosty Banks, to those,  
Where from an unknown head great *Nilus* flows  
You that dispose of all our Lives,  
Praise him from whom your power derives.

Be True and Just, like him, and fear his Word,  
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.  
Praise him old Monuments of Time,  
O praise him in your Youthful prime.

Praise

Praise him fair Idols of our greedy Sence,  
 Exalt his Name, sweet Age of Innocence :  
     *Jehovah's* Name shall only last,  
 When Heaven, Earth, and all is past.

Nothing, Great God, is to be found in Thee,  
 But Unconceivable Eternity :  
     Exalt, O *Jacob's* Sacred Race,  
 The God of Gods, the God of Grace,

Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,  
 And with his Glory, Recompence your Praise.

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TO  
**ORINDA.**  
 An Imitation of  
**HORACE.**

*By the Earl of Roscommon.*

*Integer vita, &c.*

*Carm. Lib. 1. Od. 22.*

I.

**V**irtue (Dear Friend) needs no defence;  
 No Arms, but its own Innocence;  
 Quivers, and Bows, and poison'd Darts,  
 Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

E

II.

## II.

An honest mind, safely alone  
May travel through the burning Zone,  
Or through the deepest *Scythian* Snows,  
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

## III.

While (rul'd by a resistless fire)  
Our Great *ORINDA* I Admire.  
The hungry Wolves that see me stray  
Unarm'd and single, run away.

## IV.

Set me in the remotest place  
That ever *Neptune* did embrace,  
When there her Image fills my Breast,  
*Helicon* is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,  
 So she my Fancy entertain,  
 And when the thirsty Monsters meet,  
 They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of *ORINDA's* Name,  
 Not only can their fierceness tame,  
 But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,  
 They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

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T H E  
G R O V E.

*By the same Author.*

**A** Happy Grove ! Dark and secure retreat,  
Of Sacred silence, Rest's eternal Seat ;  
How well your cool and unfrequented shade,  
Suits with the chaste retirements of a Maid.  
Oh ! If kind Heaven had been so much my friend,  
To make my Fate upon my choice depend ;  
All my ambition I would here confine,  
And only this *Elysium* should be mine.  
Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,  
Adore those Idols which their fancy made ;

Purchasing

Purchasing Riches, with our time and care,  
We lose our freedom in a gilded Snare ;  
And having all, all to our selves, refuse,  
Opprest with Blessings which we fear to use.  
Fame is at best but an inconstant good,  
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood ;  
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,  
And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies.  
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our store,  
If our abundance makes us wish for more.  
How happy is the harmless Country Maid, --  
Who rich by Nature, scorns superfluous aid !  
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton eyes invite,  
But like her Soul, preserves the Native White ;  
Whose little Store, her well taught Mind does  
    please,  
Not pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton  
    ease,  
Who free from Storms, which on the Great Ones  
Makes but few Wishes and enjoys them all ; (fall,

No care but Love can discompose her Breast,  
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best.  
Whil'st on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does  
lie,

Our happy Lover feeds upon her eye;  
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,  
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,  
Under some favourite Myrtle's shady Boughs,  
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows:  
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,  
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns.  
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie  
And whilst they Live, their flames can never die.

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THE  
DUEL  
OF THE  
STAGS.

Written by the Honourable  
Sir *ROBERT HOWARD*.

**I**N *Windsor* Forest, before War destroy'd  
The harmless Pleasures which soft Peace  
enjoy'd ;

A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,  
By all his Savage Slaves obey'd, and fear'd :

E 4

And

56      *The Duel of the STAGS.*

And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,  
They watch'd the awful nodding of his Head.  
Still as he passeth by, they all remove,  
Proud in Dominion, Prouder in his Love :  
[And while with Pride and Appetite he swells ; ]  
He courts no chosen object, but compels :  
No Subject his lov'd Mistress dares deny,  
But yields his hopes up to his Tyranny.

Long had this Prince, imperiously thus sway'd,  
By no set Laws, but by his Will obey'd,  
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,  
Admire his strength, and dare not use their own.

One Subject most did his suspicion move,  
That show'd least Fear, and counterfeited Love ;  
In the best Pastures by his side he fed,  
Arm'd with two large Militia's on his head :  
As if he practis'd Majesty he walk'd,  
And at his Nod, he made not haste, but stalk'd.

By



By his large shade, he saw how great he was,  
And his vast Layers on the bended Grass.  
His thoughts as large as his proportion grew,  
And judg'd himself, as fit for Empire too.  
Thus to Rebellious hopes he swell'd at length,  
Love and Ambition growing with his strength.  
This hid Ambition his bold Passion shows,  
And from a Subject to a Rival grows.  
Sollicites all his Princes fearful Dames,  
And in his sight Courts with rebellious flames.

The Prince sees this with an inflamed Eye,  
But looks are only signs of Majesty :  
When once a Prince's Will meets a restraint,  
His Power is then esteem'd but his Complaint.  
His Head then shakes, at which th' affrighted  
Herd  
Start to each side ; his Rival not afear'd,  
Stands by his Mistress side, and stirs not thence,  
But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.

The

58      *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

The Quarrel now to a vast height is grown,  
 Both urg'd to fight by Passion, and a Throne;  
 But Love has most excuse; for all, we find,  
 Have Passions, tho' not Thrones alike assign'd.  
 The Sovereign Stag shaking his loaded head,  
 On which his *Scepters* with his *Arms* were spread,  
 Wisely by Nature, there together fix'd,  
 Where with the Title, the Defence was mixt.  
 The pace which he advanc'd with to engage,  
 Became at once his Majesty, and Rage:  
 T'other stands still with as much confidence,  
 To make his part seem only his defence.

Their heads now meet, and at one blow each  
 strikes

As many strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes  
 Grew on his Brows, as thick their Antlets stand,  
 Which every Year kind Nature does disband.  
 Wild Beasts sometimes in peace and quiet are,  
 But Man no season frees from Love or War.

With

With equal strength they met, as if two Oaks  
Had fell, and mingled with a thousand strokes.  
One by Ambition urg'd, t'other Disdain,  
One to Preserve, the other fought to Gain :  
The Subjects and the Mistresses stood by,  
With Love and Duty to crown Victory :  
For all Affections wait on prosperous Fame,  
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets shame.

While thus with equal Courages they meet,  
The wounded Earth yields to their struggling  
Feet ;

And while one slides, t'other pursues the Fight,  
And thinks that forc't Retreat looks like a  
Flight :

But then ashamed of his Retreat, at length  
Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his  
strength.

As even Weights into a motion thrown,  
 By equal turns, drive themselves up and down;  
 So sometimes one, then t'other Stag prevails,  
 And Victory, yet doubtful, holds the Scales.

The Prince Asham'd to be oppos'd so long,  
 With all his strength united rushes on;  
 The Rebel weaker, than at first appears,  
 And from his Courage sinks unto his Fears.  
 Not able longer to withstand his might,  
 From a Retreat at last steals to a Flight.  
 The mighty Stag pursues his flying Foe,  
 Till his own pride of Conquest made him slow;  
 Thought it enough to scorn a thing that flies,  
 And only now pursu'd him with his Eyes.

The Vanquish'd as he fled, turn'd back his  
 fight,  
 Asham'd to flee, and yet afraid to fight :

Some.

Sometimes his Wounds, as his excuse survey'd,  
Then fled again, and then look'd back and stay'd :  
Blush't that his Wounds so slight should not deny  
Strength for a fight, that left him strength to flie.  
Calls thoughts of Love and Empire to his aid,  
But Fears more powerful than all those persuade,  
And yet in spite of them remains his shame,  
His Cool'd ambition, and his half-querch'd flame,  
There's none from their own sense of shame can  
flie,  
And dregs of Passions dwell with misery.

Now to the shades he bends his feeble course,  
Despis'd by those that once admir'd his force :  
The Wretch that to a scorn'd Condition's thrown,  
With the World's favour, loses too his own.

While fawning Troops their Conquering  
Prince enclos'd,  
Now render'd absolute by being oppos'd ;  
Princes

62      *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

Princes by **Disobedience** get **Command**,  
And by new quench'd **Rebellions** firmer stand  
Till by the boundless offers of success,  
They meet their **Fate** in ill-us'd happiness.

The Vanquish'd Stag to thickest shades repairs,  
Where he finds safety punish't with his cares ;  
Thorough the Woods he rushes not, but glides,  
And from all searches but his own he hides ;  
Asham'd to live, unwilling yet to lose  
That wretched life he knew not how to use.

In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,  
Till with his Wounds, his Fears were almost  
    heal'd ;  
His ancient Passions now began to move,  
He thought again of Empire and of Love :  
Then rous'd himself, and stretch'd at his full  
    length,  
Took the large measure of his mighty strength ;  
Then

Then shook his loaded Head ; the shadow too,  
Shook like a Tree, where leaveless Branches  
grew :

Stooping to drink, he sees it in the Streams,  
And in the Woods hears clashing of his Beams ;  
No accident but does alike proclaim  
His growing strength, and his encreasing shame.

Now once again, resolves to try his Fate,  
(For Envy always is importunate ; )  
And in the mind perpetually does move,  
A fit Companion for unquiet Love.  
He thinks upon his Mighty Enemy.  
Circl'd about with Pow'r and Luxury.  
And hop'd his strength might sink in his desires,  
Remembring he had wasted in such Fires.  
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,  
He wish'd the others fatal joys his own.

Thus the unquiet Beast in safety lay,  
Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey ;

Where

64    *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

Where he alone Commanded, and was Lord  
Of every Bounty Nature did afford,  
Chose Feasts for every Arbitrary sense,  
An Empire in the state of Innocence.

But all the Feasts Nature before him plac'd,  
Had but faint relishes to his lost taste,  
Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Fever spent,  
Turn Food to the Disease, not Nourishment.

Sometimes he stole abroad, and shrinking  
stood,  
Under the shelter of the friendly Wood ;  
Casting his envious Eyes towards those Plains  
Where with Crown'd Joys, his Mighty Rival  
Reigns.

He saw th' obeying Herd marching along,  
And weigh'd his Rival's Greatness by the Throng.  
Want takes false Measures, both of Power, and  
Joys,  
And envy'd Greatness is but Crowd, and Noise.

Not



Not able to endure this hated fight,  
Back to the Shades he flies to seek out Night.  
Like Exiles from their Native Soils, though sent  
To better Countries, think it Banishment.  
Here he enjoy'd what t'other could have there,  
The Woods are shady, and the Streams as Clear,  
The Pastures more untainted where he fed,  
And every Night chose out an unprest Bed.

But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was  
prest,  
And found the greatest weariness in Rest ;  
His dreadful Rival in his sleep appears,  
And in his Dreams again, he fights and fears :  
Shrinks at the strokes of t'others Mighty Head,  
Feels every wound, and dreams how fast he fled.  
At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes,  
Salutes the Light, that Fleet the *Eastern* Skies,  
Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by fear,  
Scarce can Believe no Enemy was near.

F

But

66      *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

But when he saw his heedless fears were brought  
Not by a Substance, but a drowsie Thought,  
His ample sides he shakes, from whence the  
Dew

In scatter'd Showers like driven Tempests flew.  
At which, through all his Breast new boldness  
spread,

And with his Courage, rais'd his Mighty Head.  
Then by his Love inspir'd, resolves to try  
The Combat now, and overcome, or die.  
Every weak Passion sometimes is above  
The fear of Death, much more the Noblest Love.  
By Hope 'tis scorn'd, and by despair 'tis fought,  
Pursu'd by Honour and by Sorrow brought.

Resolv'd the paths of danger now to tread,  
From his scorn'd shelter, and his fears, he fled.  
With a brave haste now seeks a second Fight,  
Redeems the base one by a Noble Flight.

In the mean time, the Conqueror enjoy'd  
That Power by which he was to be destroy'd.  
How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see,  
That Fate which waits on Power, and Victory.

Thus he securely Reign'd, when in a Rout  
He saw th' affrighted Herd flying about ;  
As if some Huntsmen did their Chace Pursue,  
About themselves in scatter'd Rings they flew,  
He like a careful Monarch, rais'd his Head,  
To see what Cause that strange disturbance bred.

But when the searcht-out Cause appear'd no  
more,

Than from a Slave, he had o'ercome before,  
A bold disdain did in his Looks appear,  
And shook his Aweful Head to chide their Fear.  
The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,  
Shrink from the one, and from the other Fly ;

F 2

They

68      *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

They scarce know which they should Obey, or  
Trust,

Since Fortune only makes it Safe and Just.

Yet in Despight of all his Pride, he staid,  
And this unlook't for Chance with Trouble  
weigh'd,

His Rage, and his Contempt alike, swell'd high,  
And only fear'd his Enemy should Fly ;  
He thought of former Conquest, and from  
thence  
Cozen'd himself into a Confidence.

T'other that saw his Conqueror so near,  
Stood still and list'ned to a whisp'ring fear ;  
From whence he heard his Conquest, and his  
Shame ;  
But new-born Hopes his ancient Fears o'rcame.

The

**The Mighty Enemies now meet at length,  
With equal Fury, though not equal Strength,  
For now, too late, the Conqueror did find,  
That all was wasted in him but his Mind,  
His Courage in his Weakness yet prevails.**

**As a bold Pilot steers with tatter'd Sails,  
And Cordage crackt, directs no steady Course,  
Carry'd by Resolution, more than Force.**

**Before his once scorn'd Enemy he reels,  
His Wounds encreasing with his Shame, he  
feels.**

**The others Strength, more from his Weakness  
grows,**

**And with one furious push, his Rival throws.**

**So a tall Oak, the pride of all the Wood,  
That long th' Assault of several Storms hath  
stood ;**

70     *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

Till by a Mighty Blast more pow'rfully push't,  
His Root's torn up, and to the Earth he rush't.

Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there  
Grew,

Once, all his Power, and all his Title too;  
Unable now to rise, and less to Fight,  
He rais'd those Scepters to demand his Right.  
But such weak Arguments prevail with none,  
To plead their Titles, when their Power is  
gone,

His Head now sinks, and with it all defence,  
Not only rob'd of Power, but Pretence.  
Wounds upon Wounds, the Conqueror still  
gives.

And thinks himself unsafe, while t'other Lives:  
Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,  
Fortune does seldom lay 'em gently down.

Now

Now to the most scorn'd Remedy he flies,  
And for some Pity seems to move his Eyes,  
Pity, by which the best of Virtue's try'd,  
To wretched Princes ever is deny'd,  
There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay  
For all their Greatness, by no Common way.

The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,  
And own his Title to his Victory ;  
The Faith of most , with Fortune does  
decline,  
Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design.

The Victor now, proud in his great success,  
Hastes to enjoy his fatal Happiness ;  
Forgot his Mighty Rival was destroy'd  
By that, which he so fondly now enjoy'd.

In Passions, thus Nature her self enjoys,  
 Sometimes Preserves, and then again destroys;  
 Yet all Destruction which Revenge can move,  
 Time or Ambition, is supply'd by Love.

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T O



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T O  
C E L I A.

*By Sir Charles Sedley.*

**Y**OU tell me, *Celia*, you approve,  
Yet never must return my love ;  
An answer that my hope destroys,  
And in the Cradle wounds our joys.  
To kill at once what needs must die,  
None would to Birds and Beasts deny.  
How can you then so cruel prove,  
As to preserve and torture Love ?  
That Beauty Nature kindly meant  
For her own Pride, and our Content ;

Why

Why shou'd the Tyrant Honour make  
Our greatest torment ? Let us break  
His Yoke, and that base power disdain,  
Which only keeps the good in pain.

In Love and War th' Impostor do's  
The best to greatest harms expose.

Come then, my *Celia*, let's no more  
This Devil, for a God adore.

Like foolish *Indians* we have been,  
Whose whole Religion is a sin.

If we the Laws of Love had kept,  
And not in Dreams of Honour slept,  
He would have surely, long e're this,  
Have Crown'd us with the highest Bliss ;  
Our Joy had then been as compleat,  
As now our Folly has been great.

Let's lose no time then, but repent,  
Love welcomes best a Penitent.

ANSWER.

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# A N S W E R.

*By the same Author.*

**T***Hyrfis*, I wish as well as you,  
 To Honour there were nothing due :  
 Then would I pay my debt of Love  
 In the same Coin that you approve ;  
 Which now you must in Friendship take,  
 'Tis all the Payment I can make ;  
 Friendship so high, that I must say,  
 'Tis rather Love with some allay.  
 And rest contented, since that I  
 As well my self as you deny.  
 Learn then of me bravely to bear  
 The want of what you hold most dear ;  
 And that which Honour does in me,  
 Let my Example work on thee.

**T O**

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T O  
C E L I A.

*By the same Author.*

**P***rinces* make Laws, by which their Subjects  
live,

And the high Gods, Rules for their Worship give.

How should poor Mortals else a Service find

At all proportion'd to their mighty Mind?

Had it been left to us, each one would bring

Of what he lik'd himself, an Offering;

And with unwelcome Zeal, perhaps, displease

Th' offended *Deity* he would appease.

All Powers but thine, this Mercy do allow,

And how they would be serv'd themselves do

shew.

A rude

A rude *Barbarian* wou'd his Captiv'd Foe  
 Fully instruct in what he'd have him do.  
 And can it be, my *Celia*, that Love  
 Less kind than War should to the vanquish'd  
 prove.

Say, cruel Fair, then, would you that my flame  
 Shou'd for a while move under Friendship's  
 Name;

Or may it boldly, like it self appear,  
 And its own Tale deliver to your Ear?  
 Or must it in my tortur'd Bosom live,  
 Like Fire in quiet Flints, and no Light give:  
 And only then humbly send forth a small  
 Spark, when your self does on that subject fall?  
 My Passion can with any Laws comply,  
 And for your sake do any thing, but Die.

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T O  
C H L O R I S.

*By the same Author.*

**C***hloris*, I justly am betray'd  
By a Design my self had laid ;  
Like an old Rook, whom in his Cheat,  
A Run of Fortune does defeat.  
I thought at first with a small sum  
Of Love, thy heap to overcome ;  
Presuming on thy want of Art,  
Thy gentle and unpractis'd Heart.  
But naked Beauty can prevail,  
Like open force, when Plots do fail.  
Instead of that thou hast all mine,  
And I have not one Stake of thine :

And

And, like all Winners, do'ft discover  
A willingness to give me over.

And though I beg, thou wilt not now ;  
'Twere better thou should'ft do fo too :

For I fo far in Debt fhall run,  
Even thee I fhall be forc't to fhun.

My Hand, alas, is no more mine,  
Elfe it had long ago been thine :

My Heart I give thee, and we call  
No Man unjust that parts with all.

What a Priest fays, moves not the mind,  
Souls are by Love, not Words, combin'd.

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*To a Lady, who told him he could  
not Love.*

*By the same Author.*

**M** Adam, though meaner Beauties might,  
Perhaps have need of some such slight ;  
Who to excuse their Rigor, must  
Say they our Passions do mistrust,  
And that they wou'd more pity shew,  
Were they but sure our Loves were true.  
You shou'd those petty Arts despise,  
Secure of what is once your Prize.  
We to our Slaves no Fraud address,  
But as they are, our Minds express.  
Tell me not then I cannot Love,  
Say, rather, you it ne'r can move ;  
Who can no more doubt of your Charms,  
Than I resist such pow'rful Arms :

Whose



Whose numerous force that I withstood  
So long, was not through any hope I cou'd  
Escape their pow'r ; but through despair,  
Which oft makes Courage out of fear.  
I trembling saw how you us'd those  
Who tamely yielded without Blows :  
Had you but one of all them spar'd,  
I might, perhaps, have been enſnar'd,  
And not have thus, e're I did yield,  
Call'd Love's whole Force into the Field.  
Yet now I'm Conquer'd, I will prove  
Faithful as they that never strove.  
All flames in matter, where too fast  
They do not seize, the longer last.  
Then blame not mine for moving slow,  
Since all things durable are so.  
The Oak that's for three hundred Years  
Design'd, in growing one out-wears.  
Whilst Flowers for a Season made  
Quickly spring up, and quickly fade.

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T O  
C H L O R I S.

*By the same Author.*

**C***Hloris*, you live ador'd by all,  
And yet on none your Favours fall.  
A stranger Mistress ne'er was known,  
You pay us all in Paying none.  
We him of Avarice accuse,  
Who what he has, does fear to use.  
But what Disease of Mind shall I  
Call this thy hated Penury?  
Thou wilt not give out of a store,  
Which no Profuseness can make poor.  
Misers, when Dead, may make amends;  
And in their Wills enrich their Friends.

But

But when thou Dy'st, thy Treasure dies,  
And thou canst leave no Legacies.

What Madness is it then to spare,  
When we want power to make an Heir?

Live *Chloris* then at the full rate,  
Of thy great Beauty; and since Fate  
To Love, and Youth, is so severe,

Enjoy 'em freely while th'art here.

Some caution yet I'de have thee use,  
When e're thou dost a Servant chuse.

We are not all for Lovers fit,  
No more than Arms or Arts or Wit.

For Wisdom some respected are,  
Some we see pow'ful at the Bar;

Some for Preferment waste their time,  
And the steep Hill of Honour climb;

Others of Love their business make,  
In Love their whole Diversion take.

Take one of those, for in one Breast  
Two Passions live but ill at rest:

And even, of them, I'd have thee fly  
All that take flame at every Eye.  
All those that light and faithless are,  
All that dare more than think thee fair.  
Take one of Love who nothing says,  
And yet whom every word betrays.  
Love in the Cradle pretty shews,  
And when't can speak, unruly grows.

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# THE PICTURE.

In Imitation of  
ANACREON'S BATHILLUS.

By the Right Honourable the  
MARQUIS of NORMANBY.

**T**HOU Flatterer of all the Fair,  
Come, with all your skill, and care,  
Draw me such a Shape, and Face,  
As your Flatt'ry would disgrace.  
Wish not that she would appear,  
'Tis well for you she is not here;  
Scarce can you with safety see  
All her Charms describ'd by me,

179

Who, alas, have found too well ;  
 What a power does in them dwell ;  
 I, alas, the danger know,  
 I, alas, have felt the Blow ;  
 Mourn, as lost, my former Days,  
 That did not sing of *Celia's* praise ;  
 And those few that are behind  
 I shall bless'd or wretched find,  
 Only just as she is kind.

With her tempting Eyes begin,  
 Eyes that might draw Angels in  
 To a second sweeter sin.  
 Oh, those wanton rowling Eyes !  
 At each glance a Lover dies :  
 Make them bright, yet make them willing,  
 Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her Forhead, then her Nose,  
 And Lips just opening, which disclose

Teeth

Teeth so white, and Breath so sweet,  
So much Beauty, so much Wit,  
To our very Soul they strike,  
All our Senses pleas'd alike ;

But so pure a white and red  
Never never can be said ;  
What are words in such a case ?  
What is paint to such a Face ?  
How should either Art avail us ?  
Fancy here it self will fail us.

In her Looks, and in her Mien  
Such a graceful Air is seen,  
That if you with all your Art  
Can but reach the smallest part,  
Next to her, the Matchless She,  
We shall wonder most at Thee.

Then, her Neck, and Breasts, and Hair,  
And her-----but my Charming Fair  
Does in a thousand things excel,  
Which I must not, dare not tell.

How go on then? Oh, I see  
A Lovely *Venus* drawn by Thee;  
Oh how fair She does appear!  
Touch it only here and there;  
Make her yet seem more Divine,  
Your *Venus* then may look like mine,  
Whose bright form, if once you saw,  
You by her would *Venus* draw.

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T O A  
Coquet Beauty.

*By the same Author.*

**F**rom Wars and Plagues come no such  
harms,  
As from a Nymph so full of Charms,  
So much sweetness in her Face,  
In her Motions such a Grace.  
In her kind inviting Eyes  
Such a soft enchantment lies,  
That we please our selves too soon,  
And are with vain hopes undone.

After

After all her softness, we  
Are but Slaves, while she is free ?  
Free, alas, from all desire,  
Except to set the World on fire.

Thou, fair Dissembler, dost but thus  
Deceive thy self as well as us ;  
Like Ambitious Monarchs, thou  
Would'st rather force Mankind to bow.  
And venture o'er the World to roam,  
Than govern with content at home,  
But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when  
*Apollo's* self inspires my Pen,  
One hour of Love's Delights outweighs  
Whole Years of Universal Praise,  
And one Adorer kindly us'd,  
Is of more use, than Crowds refus'd.

For

For what does Youth and Beauty serve?  
Why more than all your Sex deserve?  
Why such soft alluring Arts  
To charm our Eyes, and melt our Hearts?  
By our loss, you nothing gain;  
Unless you love, you please in vain.

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SONG

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# SONG.

*By the same Author.*

**F**ROM all uneasy Passions Free,  
 Revenge, Ambition, Jealousie,  
 Contented I had been too blest,  
 If Love and You would let me Rest.  
 Yet that Dull Life I now Despise;  
     Safe from your Eyes,  
 I fear'd no Griefs, but, Oh, I found no Joys.

Amidst a thousand soft Desires,  
 Which Beauty moves, and Love Inspires;  
 I feel such pangs of Jealous Fear,  
 No heart so kind as mine can bear.  
 Yet I'll defie the worst of harms;  
     Such are those Charms,  
 'Tis worth a Life, to Die within your Arms.

*The*

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*The Parting of Hector with his Princess  
Andromache, and only Son Astyanax,  
when he went upon his last Expedition, in  
which he was Slain by Achilles.*

*Done out of the Greek of Homer, Iliad 6.*

*By Knightly Chetwood.*

**H***ector*, though warn'd by an approaching  
Cry,

That to *Troy* Walls the Conqu'ring *Greeks* drew  
nigh ;

T' his Princess one short Visit pays in haste,

Some *Demon* told him this would be his *last* :

Her (swiftly passing through the spacious Streets)

He nor at home, nor in the *Circle* meets,

Nor

94 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*

Nor at \* *Minerva's*, where the Beauteous Train  
Made *Prayers* and *Vows* to *angry Powers* in *vain*.

She, half distracted with the loud Alarms,

(The Prince was carry'd in his Nurse's Arms)

Runs to a Turret, whose commanding height

Presented all the Battle to her sight,

Advancing *Grecians*, and the *Trojans* flight.

Here *Hector* finds her, with a Lover's Pace

She speeds, and breathless sinks in his Embrace ;

The Nurse came after with her Princely Care,

As *Hesperus* fresh, promising, and fair,

*Hector* in little, with paternal Joy.

He blest in silent Smiles the lovely Boy.

The Princess, at his sight compos'd again,

Pressing his Hand, do's gently thus complain :

*My Dearest Lord, believe a wretched Wife,*

*You are too lavish of your precious Life.*

---

\* The Temple of *Minerva*.

Hector's Farewel to Andromache. 95

*You formost into every danger run,  
Of me regardless, and your little Son.  
Shortly the Greeks, what none can singly do,  
Will compass, pointing all the War at you.  
But before that day comes (Heavens) may I have  
The mournful Privilege of an early Grave!  
For I, of your dear Company bereft,  
Have no Reserve, no second Comfort left.  
My Father, who did in Cilicia Reign,  
By fierce Achilles was in Battle Slain:  
His Arms that Savage Conqueror durst not spoil,  
But paid just Honours to his Funeral Pile:  
Wood-Nymphs about his Grave have planted since  
A rural Monument to a mighty Prince:  
Seven Brothers, who seven Legions did Command,  
Had the same Fate, from the same murdering hand.  
My Mother too, who their sad Heir did reign,  
With a vast Treasure was Redeem'd in vain;  
For she soon clos'd her Empire, and her Breath,  
By Wretches last good fortune--- Sudden Death.*

*Thus*

96 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*

*Thus Father, Mother, Brethren, all is gone,*

*But they seem all alive in you alone.*

*To gain you, those Endearments I have sold,*

*And like the Purchase---if the Title hold.*

*Have pity then, here in this Tower abide,*

*And round the Walls and Works your Troops divide.*

*But now the Greeks, by both their Generals led,*

*Ajax, Idomeneus, Diomede,*

*With all their most experienc'd Chiefs, and brave,*

*Three fierce Attacks upon the Out-works gave;*

*Some God their Courage to this pitch did raise,*

*Or this is one of Troy's unlucky Days.*

*Hector reply'd, This you have said and more,*

*I have revolv'd in serious Thoughts before,*

*But I not half so much those Grecians fear,*

*As Carpet-Knights, State-Dames, and Flatterers*

*here.*

*For they, if ever I decline the Fight,*

*Miscall! wise Conduct Cowardise and Flight;*

*Others*



*Hector's Farewel to Andromache.* 97

*Others may methods chuse the most secure,  
My Life no middle Courses can endure.  
Urg'd by my own, and my great Father's Name,  
I must add something to our ancient Fame.  
Embarqu'd in Ilium's Cause, I cannot fly,  
Will Conquer with it, or must for it die :  
But still some boding Genius does portend  
To all my Toils an unsuccessful end,  
For how can Man with heavenly Powers contend ?  
The Day advances with the swiftest pace,  
Which Troy, and all her Glories, shall deface,  
Which Asia's sacred Empire shall confound,  
And these proud Towers lay level with the ground :  
But all compar'd with you does scarce appear,  
When I presage your case, I learn to fear :  
When you by some proud Conqu'ror shall be led  
A mournful Captive to a Master's Bed.  
Perhaps some haughty Dame your hands shall doom,  
To Weave Troy's Downfal, in a Grecian Loom.*

98 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*

*Or lower yet, you may be forc'd to bring  
Water to Argos, from Hiperia's Spring;  
And as you measure out the tedious way,  
Some one shall, pointing to his Neighbour, say,  
See to what Fortune Hector's Wife is brought,  
That famous General, that for Ilium fought.  
This will renew your Sorrows without end,  
Depriv'd in such a Day, of such a Friend.  
But this is Fancy, or before it I  
Low in the Dust will with my Country lie.*

*Then to his Infant he his Arms addrest,  
The Child clung, crying, to his Nurse's Breast,  
Scar'd at the burnish'd Arms, and threat'ning  
Crest.*

*This made them smile, whilst Hector doth  
unbrace*

*His shining Helmet, and disclos'd his Face:  
Then dancing the pleas'd Infant in the Air,  
Kiss'd him, and to the Gods conceiv'd this Prayer:*

*Jove,*

*Jove, and you Heavenly Powers, whoever hear  
Hector's Request with a Propitious Ear,  
Grant, this my Child in Honour and Renown  
May equal me, wear, and deserve the Crown :  
And when from some great Action he shall come  
Laden with Hostile Spoils in Triumph home,  
May Trojans say, Hector great things hath done,  
But is surpass'd by his Illustrious Son.  
This will rejoyce his tender Mother's Heart,  
And sense of Joy to my pale Ghost impart.*

*Then in the Mother's Arms he puts the Child,  
With troubl'd Joy, in flowing Tears she smil'd.  
Beauty and Grief shew'd all their Pomp and  
Pride,  
Whilst those soft Passions did her Looks divide.  
This Scene even Hector's Courage melted down,  
But soon recovering, with a Lover's Frown !*

## 100 Hector's Farewel to Andromache.

*Madam ( says he ) these Fancies put away,  
I cannot Die before my fatal Day.*

*Heaven, when we first take in our vital Breath,  
Decrees the way, and moment of our Death.*

*Women should fill their Heads with Womens Cares,  
And leave to Men (unquestion'd) Mens affairs.*

*A Truncheon sutes not with a Ladies Hand,  
War is my Province that in chief Command.*

*The Beauteous Princess silently withdrew,  
Turns oft, and with sad, wishing Eyes, does  
her Lord's Steps pursue,*

*Pensive to her Apartment she returns,  
And with ~~Prophetick~~ Tears approaching Evils  
mourns.*

*Then tells all to her Maids, officious they  
His Funeral Rites to living Hector pay,  
Whilst forth he rushes through the \* Scæan Gate,  
Does his own part, and leaves the rest to Fate.*

---

\* The Left Gate, accounted Ominous.

---

O N A  
P O E T

Who Writ in the Praise of

S A T Y R.

*By the Earl of Rochester.*

**T**O vex and torture thy unmeaning Brain  
 In Satyr's praise, to a low untun'd strain,  
 In thee, was most impertinent and vain.  
 When in thy Person we more plainly see,  
 That Satyr's of Divine Authority ;  
 For God made one on Man, when he made  
 thee:

In whom are all those Contradictions joyn'd ;  
 That make a Fop prodigious, and refin'd ;  
 A Lump deform'd and shapeless, warr't thou born,  
 Begot in Love's despight, and Nature's scorn,  
 And art grown up the most ungainly Wight,  
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight.  
 Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.  
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd  
 Thy Longing to Admire, and be Admir'd,  
 To paint thy Grizly Face, to Dance, to Dress,  
 And all those awkward Motions that express  
 Thy Loathsome Love, and Filthy Dampness :  
 Who needs will be an Ugly *Beau*, *Garfoon*,  
 Spit at, and scorn'd by every Girl in Town ;  
 Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow thou art  
 plac'd  
 To fright the tender Flock, who long to taste :  
 For none so Lewd and Silly yet have prov'd,  
 Where thou mad'st Love, t' endure to be Be-  
 lov'd.

'Twere

'Twere Counsel lost, or else I would advise;  
But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be wise:  
Half Witty, and half Mad, and scarce half  
Brave,  
Half Honest, which is very much a Knave,  
Made up of all those Halves, thou canst not  
pass  
For any thing intirely but an *Ass*.

---

---

---

A  
FAREWELL  
TO  
LOVE.

Once more Love's mighty Charms are  
broke,

His Strength and Cunning I despise :  
Once more I have thrown off his Yoke,  
And am a Man, and do despise the Boy.  
Thanks to her Pride, and her Disdain,  
And all the Follies of a scornful Mind ;  
I had ne'er possess'd my Heart again,  
If Fair *Miranda* had been kind.

Welcome



Welcome, Fond Wanderer, as Ease  
And Plenty to a Wretch in pain,  
That worn with Want and a Disease,  
Enjoys his Health, and all his Friends again.  
Let others waste their Time and Youth,  
Watch and look pale, to gain a peevish Maid,  
And learn too late this dear-bought Truth,  
At length they're sure to be betray'd.

---

*By*

---

*By a Person of H O N O U R.*

**T**Hough, *Phillis*, your prevailing Charms  
Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,  
That kind defence against all Powers,  
But those resistless Eyes of yours :  
Think not your Conquest to maintain,  
By Rigour and unjust Disdain.  
In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you strive,  
For Love does seldom Hope survive.  
My Heart may Languish for a time,  
Whilst all your Glories in their prime,  
Can justify such Cruelty,  
By the same force that Conquer'd me.  
When Age shall come, at whose command  
Those Troops of Beauties must disband;  
A Tyrant's strength once took away,  
What Slave so dull as to Obey ?

EPILOGUE

# **EPILOGUE** **T O**

*Every Man in his Humour.*

*By the same Author.*

**I**N treaty shall not serve, nor Violence,  
 To make me speak in such a Play's defence:  
 A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree  
 To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy*:

The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lies,  
 No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;  
 No Captive Prince, from nameless Countrey  
 brought,

No Battel, nay, there's not a Duel fought.

And

108. EPILOGUE, &c.

And something yet more sharply might be said.

But I consider the poor Author's Dead :

Let that be his Excuse---Now for our own,

Why---Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.

The parts were fitted well ; but some will say,

*Pox on 'em Rogues, What made 'em chuse this Play?*

I do not doubt but you will credit me,

It was not Choice, but meer Necessity.

To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,

But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*.

Have patience but till *Easter-Term*, and then

You shall have Jigg and Hoby-horse again.

Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our Domestick Wit,

Does promise one of the ten Plays h'as writ :

But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the

Just,

Know, we have Merits, and in them we trust ;

When any Fasts, or Holy-days, defer

The publick Labours of the *Theatre*.

We

We ride not forth, although the Day be fair,  
 On Ambling Tit, to take the Suburb-air :  
 But with our Authors meet, and spend that  
 time

To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhime.  
*Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, constantly we fate,  
 Till after many a long and free debate,  
 For divers weighty Reasons, 'twas thought fit,  
 Unruly Sense shou'd still to Rhime submit.  
 This the most wholesome Law we ever made,  
 So strictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd :  
 Sure, no Man here will ever dare to break.

*Enter Johnson's Ghost.*

Hold, and give way, for I my self will speak,  
 Can you encourage so much Insolence,  
 And add new faults still to the great Offence  
 Your Ancestors so rashly did commit  
 Against the mighty Powers of Art and Wit ?

When

When they condemn'd those noble works of  
mine

*Sejanus*, and my best-lov'd *Cataline*:

Repent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall

The Curse of many a Rhiming Pastoral:

The three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,

And with the *London-Prentice* conquer *Spain*.

All the dull Follies of the former Age

Shall rise and find applause upon this Stage.

But if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,

So long since due to my much injur'd Plays.

From all past Crimes I first will set you free,

And then inspire some one to write like me.

A N

## O D E,

I N

Imitation of *PINDAR*,

O N T H E

## D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

*T H O M A S* Earl of *O S S O R Y*.

By Knightly Chetwood.

**W**hat strains at sacred *Pisa's* spring;  
 The *Swan* that *often* sung with tuneful  
 (breath

To his inchanting Lyre, did sing  
 Of God, of Hero, or of Heaven-born King,  
 With Verses *cheaply* purchas'd, tho by *death*:

Or

Or rather (since to a *pious* Hero we,

*Just*, tho late Obligations bring)

What Treats the *Muses Prophet Royal* shed

On *Saul's* anointed Head,

And thought a *Crown* poor recompence for a

(*Friend*;

When by a Power miraculous he

(The Power of *Faith* and *Poetry*)

Upon the Clouds an *Interdict* did lay,

And bid Mount *Gilboa*

To rear his naked Back parch'd to the angry Sky:

Such Numbers *Priestesses* of *Fame* inspire,

Such *Offsory* does deserve, and *Ormond* such

(*desire*;

Such *Flanders* bloody Plains, and *Mons*, and *Brit-*

(*tish Seas* require,

And ye Poetick Candidates of *Fame*,

If you would build a lasting Name,

This Subject chuse; as the *dark Womb*

Of the old Prophets *Vital Tomb*

Could



Could Life restore, so Ossory's, Life can give,  
And by his *Genius* many an Age even this dead  
(Verse shall live)

II.

Then tell, ye Heavenly Sisters, ye can tell,

(For we below

In the dark *Vale* of *Hearsay* dwell;

And nothing know)

Tell when great Ossory's enlarged Shade

Through Heavens *Arch* his *Triumphant Entry*

How noble *Brutus* ancient Race (made

(To shew peculiar Worth peculiar Grace)

*Rose up* and offer'd the first place.

Tell how the sainted *Hero* (whom

The pious Tales of *Fabulous Rome*

*Greater* to make, have almost nothing made)

Embrac'd his Successor ; and swear

None worthier did his *Mystic* *Ensigns* wear.

Tell how the Nymphs that with *soft silver* oars  
 Ply round th' *Ebude's*, and cold *Mona's* shores,  
 Or the *Seas Oracle*, the Mouth of *Thames*,  
 The noble *Shanon's*, or *short Liffy's* streams,  
 Their *Guardian* did lament, and tear

Their sea-green Hair,

This second grief to great *Pan's* death th' afflicted  
 (*Nymphs* did hear.

Bid sad *Juvena* raise a Monument

As *Teneriff* high, wide as her *Isles* extent.

Bid her be sure her Title prove,

Left her pretence as fabulous seem as lying  
 (*Crete's* to *Jove*.

### I I I.

*Nature* with her Commission brisk and gay,  
 When the *blest* Earth saluted new-born Day,  
 And the *World's Eye*, the youthful *Son*,  
 Unspotted with ill *Sights* the race did run,

*Prose*

*Profuse*, in Birds and Flowers her *art* did show

She painted *then* the gawdy Bow :

But most in Man, (whom we *her* Abstract call,

*She* of the *precious stuff* was prodigal :

Her Kings but few removes from *Jove*, her

(Princes *Heroes* all.

But now (so *sparingly* that seed is sown,

The soyl *spent*, or she *covetous* grown,

Or *Vice* hath spoil'd the *Strain*, or Fate

Hath given the World for *desperate*)

Sh' hath shrunk the *short* dimensions of a Man'

And to an *Inch* reduc'd our *Span*,

A Number, an inglorious Rout,

Faint *Shadows* of our Ancestors, alas ! we stalk

If by some mighty effort she (about !

Produce at last one *Ossory*.

(Like *Stars* which in our Hemisphere

Gaz'd at, half known, strait disappear)

So *late* he enters, so *soon* quits the Stage, (Age.

He leaves a Nation *desolate*, and quite *undoes* the

## IV.

Early young *Ossory* enter'd Vertues race,  
 Swiftly began, yet still *increas'd* his pace ;  
 And when no other Rival he could find,  
 Strove with *himself*, and left himself *behind*.  
 In earliest youth t' his Prince he went

Into a noble Banishment,  
 The Country then of all was excellent.

But sure the Stars and Fortune have  
 Small Influence on the *virtuous* and the *brave* ;

Ev'n *Poison* turns to *wholesome* meat,  
 By Vertues strong *digestive* heat.

The more with *Hercules* Stepdame *Jano* strove,  
 The more she prov'd the *mighty Seed* of *Jove*.

The Policy of \* *Tiber* and the \* *Arne*,  
 The Courtship of the † *Seine* and the † *Marne*.

---

\* Italian Rivers.

† French Rivers.

What *solid serious* the sage \* *Hebre* hath,  
 And *Germany* of *ancient* Faith,  
 With *British* Gallantry conjoyn'd,  
 Did in the *Chymic* Furnace of *his* Mind  
 A high *Elixir* make, than *each* more *precious* and  
*refin'd*.

V.

As when that *Annual Chaos*, Winter, flies,  
 Whilst the soft *Pleiades* do mount the Skies,  
 And *Philomel* to Western Gales does sing  
 The *Advent* of the Heaven born Spring,  
 Such Joy *blest Charles* did to his Subjects  
 bring,  
 Then many a Hero whom no *storms* could  
 shake,  
 Who from his *sufferings* did *new* Courage  
 take,

---

\* *Spanish*.

*Dissolv'd in the soft Lap of Pleasure lay,*

*As Ice, the Winter's Child, in Summer's day*

*Is by the amorous Sunbeams kiss'd away.*

*But not so Offory, christalliz'd his Mind*

*Fortune adverse did brave, disdain'd her kind,*

*Not Amoret to the Alcove,*

*Or Park, the conscious Mart of Love,*

*Not so t' a Prince's Levee with first light,*

*Hasts an aspiring Favourite,*

*As you where honourable danger lay,*

*And to the Temple of high Fame did mark the  
craggy way.*

## VI.

*Go, thy winged Chariot, quickly Muse,  
prepare,*

*Lo, a vast Fleet consumes the Eastern Air ;*

*Embarque i'th' Ship where Offory goes,*

*To check the Parricidal Foes :*

Not

Not as the Grave *Venetian* takes his way,  
With many a Barge, and many a *Gondola*;  
Whilst painted *Busentore* in state does move,  
And to the *Adriatick* Maid makes Love.

As *Jove* he comes to th' *Theban* Dame,  
Dreadfully gay with light'nings pointed flame:  
Unhappy they who to his Embraces came:  
One would have thought t' have heard his Ca-  
(non roar,

*Ætna* were torn from the *Trinacrian* Shore,  
And freed *Tryphæus* a new War did move  
Against the upper and the nether *Jove*.  
The *Nereids* trembled in their watry Bed,  
In the Isles roots they hid their Head,  
And (like the *Hollanders*) agast from their  
(own *Guardian* fled.

V I I.

But narrow is one Element,  
Compared to a well *form'd* Souls extent;

Narrow the starry Firmament.

Fate brings (to keep the *balance* of the Age)

With *Monsters equal Heroes* on the Stage.

The *Western Sultan* powerful grows,

A Torrent, all things overflows; (shows,

But *Mons* in *bloody Characters* his *fatal* limits

You check'd the Monarch in his full Career,

Fierce *Luxemburg* wondred and *learn'd* to

Alas! he knew not *Offory* was there. (fear;

Sad the *ripe Harvest* of his Fame he yields,

The Harvest of so many *bloody Fields*.

To *merit* such a Conqueror long he *grew*

And gather'd Laurels to be worn by *you*;

Curfing just Heaven, dropping with bloody

(Sweat

The sad remains withdraws of his Defeat,

And more than all his *Victories* he values this

(Retreat.



VIII.

Great *Excellence* oft proves *dangerous* to the  
 A *Comet Vertue* when hung out by Fate (State,  
 To it *self* and *others* ruin does create.  
 But *silent* he, yet *active* as the Day,  
 Born to command, and willing to obey.  
 Nature to him the happy temper gave,  
 All kind he was as *prosp'rous Love*,  
 Gentle as *Venus* gentlest *Dove*,  
 In fight beyond a fancied *Hero* brave.  
 Thou *Virgin Mother-Church*, which now dost  
 The swelling *Surges* of a *double Tide*, (ride  
 Safe only because dash'd on *either side*,  
 O what a Friend now in *thy day*  
 Hath Fate in *Ossory* snatch'd away !  
 And ye who holy *Friendship* do adore,  
 His equal you will never see, before  
 You *Ossory* shall in Heaven rejoyne, ne'er to be  
 (parted *more*.

IX.

## IX.

**Accursed Fever, Deaths \* sharp-poisoned Dart,**

**Accursed *Fruit*, accursed *Earth*,**

**Which to the fatal Tree gave birth ;**

What *Mise* of strange *confusion* have you laid

**In the most regular Breast that e'er was made!**

**Those *Eyes*, from which swift Lightning once**

( did part,

**To melt the temper'd Steel, or harder Heart,**

Like *wasting* Meteors now portend (end.

With *blood-shot* Beams his own approaching

### The Seat where *Honours Records* lay,

Where was design'd the Fall of *Africa*, (they,

**(Scarce Heavens Decrees more firmly set than**

**Like Parchments in the *Fire* now *shrunk* away.**

\* *Febris acuta, virulenta.*

## Those

Those \* *Purple* Waves, which like the *Nile*  
 From his *undiscover'd* Head  
 Health and *fresh Honours* on its Soil did shed,  
 And bid all *Egypt* smile;  
 Now with *Vasuvian* waves scorch all their way,  
 And to the † *King* o'th' little World a *Mortal*  
 (Tribute pay.

X.

Injustly we accuse the *Sovereign* Law, (draw.  
 Which all things to their proper place does  
 Full ripe for Heaven he spurn'd the Earth,  
 The *monumental* seat of *miscall'd* Birth.  
 No Art, no Violence, can controul  
 (Though on it *Offa* you, and *Pelion* roul)  
 Th' ascending motion of a Heaven-born Soul.  
 His *Fever* like *Elias* fiery Carr,  
 (Whilst the *sad Prophets* mourn him from *afar*)  
 Kindled his *Funeral* Pile into a *Star*.

---

\* His Blood.

† His Heart.

Others may praise the Feats of mortal breath,  
But I the opportunity of Death.

He saw not *popular* Fury *threat* the Stage,  
Nor *Epidemick* Madness seize the Age.

He *liv'd* not till his *Wreaths* did grow  
*Wither'd* and *pale* upon his Brow,

As *Pompey* and great *Scipio*.

Few, Heavens choice Favourites, the privi-  
(ledge have,

To bring their Fame untainted to their Grave.

Who the *wild* Passions knows of human kind,

*Fortune* and *false* Mortality

This truth will find,

When *wanted* most and best *belov'd*, 'tis *happiest*  
(then to *dye*.

U P O N

---

UPON THE  
D E A T H

Of his G R A C E the late

Duke of O R M O N D,

Anno 1687.

*By the same Author.*

**R** *Eligious Discord, Fury of this Isle,  
A little Truce, cease your harsh Notes a  
while!*

Honour, Religion, Virtue, Learning, all  
*Demand our Tears at their Great Patron's fall.*

*Whist*

*Whilst slight Court-Meteors, soon advancing  
high,*

*Short-liv'd too long, once seen neglected die ;  
At Eighty Years Ormond's Propitious Light  
Seems immaturally raviſh'd from our ſight.*

*Some Prosperous Star torn from his Native Sphere,  
Would cauſe ſuch Wonder and Confuſion there.*

*The Virtues of four Reigns he kept intire  
Fin'd from the Dross, as Gold by Chymick fire.  
Exalted Virtues, which here want a Name,  
Too weighty for the labouring Wings of Fame!  
Of Ancient Honour, Loyalty, and Truth,  
The Nobleſt Standard for our wand'ring Youth.  
Thus whilst the Patriarch liv'd, who paſs'd the Blood,  
The Jewish State by Ancient Maxims ſtood ;  
But He once gone, the Baſe, Degenerate Age,  
Sunk to its old Apoſtaſie, and Rage.*

*Some have in Courts, others in Camps been  
great,  
In Business some, some in a Wise Retreat,  
Ormond in all, his vast Imperious Mind  
Excell'd in each, as if to one confin'd:  
All times of Life, all Stations he could grace,  
The distant Poles of goodness did embrace,  
With crowding Lights, fill'd all the glorious Space.*

*Thro' several Climes he a bright Course did run.  
Kind, as the enliv'ning Progress of the Sun.  
Warm'd by his Beams, even sad Hibernia's Isle  
Look'd up, and cheer'd her Visage with a Smile;  
Moe'd Britain's Envy, but, her Patron dead,  
Deep in his Fens, her Genius sinks his Head.*

*Oxford, which, during this Apollo's Reign,  
Rival'd your Sister, and improv'd your Vein,*

*If*

*If you just Tribute to his Hearse deny,  
 Your Swans fall Speechless, and your Streams be  
 dry,  
 Some grateful Voice his Glorious Life shall sing,  
 More above Subjects, than beneath a King.*

To His Grace the present D U K E.

**T***His Atlas gone, what Hero do's remain,  
 The ponderous Mass of Honours to su  
 stain?*

*'Tis You, Great Sir, his Rights, his Vertues  
 too,*

*(That best Succession!) are devolv'd on You.*



*To the present Duke of Ormond.* 129

*Your Mind, well ballas'd, bears the prosperous  
Gales,*

*They cannot over-set, scarce fill your Sails.*

*What a fair, steddý Course you steer along*

*Thro' Scylla's Barkings, and false Syrens Song!*

*Your Friendship not debas'd by Treacherous Art,*

*Your Actions speak the Language of your Heart.*

*Fortune despairs, or Flattering, or Unkind,*

*To daunt your Courage, or corrupt your Mind.*

*Some plac'd in foolish Pride's new tottering Seat,*

*Grow less from little, labouring to look Great:*

*Such do not rise, but weigh great Titles down,*

*Their Misplac'd Coronets but eclipse the Crown:*

*Whilst your digested Honour easie lies,*

*Came as a Debt, not taken by Surprize.*

*Thus Torrents, Creatures of the Winter Sky,*

*O'erflow whilst hurtful, in the heats grow dry:*

130 *To the present Duke of Ormond.*

*But Sacred Nile warm'd by the Rising Sun,  
With him a thousand Leagues from his high Source  
do's run ;*

*With a rich Deluge all the Plains do's bless :  
Ægypt were ruin'd, if his Streams were less.*

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*The*

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*The Earl of ROCHESTER's  
Answer, to a Paper of Verses, sent  
him by L. B. Felton, and taken out of  
the Translation of Ovid's Epistles,*  
1680.

**W**Hat strange Surprise to meet such  
Words as these?

Such Terms of Horror were ne'er chose to  
please :

To meet, 'midst Pleasures of a Jovial Night,  
Words that can only give amaze and fright,  
No gentle thought that does to Love invite.  
Were it not better for your Arms t' employ,  
Grasping a Lover in pursuit of Joy,

132 *The E. of Rochester's Answer, &c.*

Than handling Sword, and Pen, Weapons  
unfit :

Your Sex gains Conquest, by their Charms and  
Wit.

Of Writers slain I could with pleasure hear,  
Approve of Fights, o'er-joy'd to cause a Tear ;  
So slain, I mean, that she should soon revive,  
Pleas'd in my Arms to find her self Alive.

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T O

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T O A  
Very Young L A D Y.

*By Sir George Etherège.*

**S**weetest Bud of Beauty, may  
No untimely Frost decay  
Th' early glories which we trace,  
Blooming in thy matchless Face ;  
But kindly opening, like the Rose,  
Fresh Beauties every day disclose,  
Such as by *Nature* are not shown  
In all the Blossoms she has blown ?  
And then what conquest shall you make,  
Who Hearts already daily take ;  
Scorcht in the Morning with thy beams,  
How shall we bear those sad extremes  
Which must attend thy threatening Eyes,  
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise.

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THE  
Forfaken Mistrefs.

*By the fame Author.*

D I A L O G U E.

*Phil.* **T**ELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why  
You from my Embraces fly ;  
Does my Love thy Love destroy ?  
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay, and I will feign  
( Though I break my Heart ) disdain ;  
But lest I too unkind appear,  
For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.

And

And if in vain, I court thy Love,  
Let mine, at least thy pity move :  
Ah while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,  
Methinks you may dissemble too.

*Streph.* Ah *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive  
A way to keep my Love alive,  
But all your other Charms must fail,  
When Kindness ceases to prevail.  
Alas ! No less than you, I grieve,  
My dying flame has no reprieve,  
For I can never hope to find,  
Shou'd all the Nymphs, I Court, be kind,  
One Beauty able to renew  
Those Pleasures I enjoy in you,  
When Love and Youth did both conspire  
To fill our Breasts and Veins with fire.

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain  
That Heart which merits your Disdain,  
But second Love has still allay,  
The Joys grow aged, and decay.  
Then blame me not for losing more  
Than Love and Beauty can restore :  
And let this truth thy comfort prove,  
I wou'd, but can no longer Love.

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# T H E DIVIDED HEART.

*By the same Author.*

**A** H ! *Celia*, that I were but sure,  
 Thy Love, like mine, cou'd still endure ;  
 That Time and Absence, which destroy  
 The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,  
 Cou'd never rob me of that part  
 Which you have giv'n me of your Heart ;  
 Others unenvy'd might possess  
 Whole Hearts, and boast that Happiness.

'Twas Nobler Fortune to divide  
 The *Roman Empire* in her Pride,  
 Than on some low and barb'rous Throne,  
 Obscurely plac'd to rule alone.

Love

Love only from thy Heart exacts  
The several Debts thy Face contracts,  
And by that new and juster way,  
Secures thy *Empire* and his sway ;  
Fav'ring but one he might compel  
The hopeless Lover to rebel.

But shou'd he other Hearts thus share,  
That in the whole so worthless are,  
Shou'd into several Squadrons draw  
That strength, which kept entire cou'd awe,  
Men would his scatter'd Powers deride,  
And conqu'ring Him those spoils divide.

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To Mr. J. N. on his *Translations out of*  
*French and Italian.*

*By the same Author.*

**W**Hile others Toil, our Country to supply  
 With what we need only for Luxury,  
 Spices, and Silk, in the rich East provide,  
 To glut our Avarice, and feed our Pride,  
 You Foreign Learning prosperously transmit,  
 To raise our Virtue, and provoke our Wit.  
 Such brave Designs your Gen'rous Soul inflame  
 To be a bold Adventurer for Fame ;  
 How much oblig'd are *Italy* and *France*,  
 While with your Voice their Musick you  
 advance?

Your growing Fame with Envy can oppose,  
 Who sing with no less Art than they Compose ;

In

140 *To Mr. J. N. on his Translations*

In these Attempts, so few have had success,  
Their *Beauties* suffer in our *English* Dress:  
By Artless Hands, spoil'd of their Native Air,  
They seldom pass from moderately fair:  
As if you meant these Injuries to Atone,  
You give them Charms more Conqu'ring than  
their own.

Not like the dull laborious Flatterer,  
With secret Art those Graces you confer.  
The skilful Painters, with slight strokes impart,  
That subtil *Beauty* which affects the Heart.  
There are, who publicly profess they hate  
Translations, and yet all they Write, Translate:  
So proud, they scorn to drive a Lawful Trade,  
Yet by their Wants, are shameless Pirates made:  
These you incense, while you their Thefts reveal,  
Or else prevent in what they meant to steal  
From all besides; you are secure of praise,  
But you so high our Expectation raise,

A gen'ral Discontent we shall declare,  
If such a Workman only should repair.  
You to the Dead, your Piety have shewn,  
Adorn'd their Monuments, now build your own:  
Drawn in the East, we in your Lines may trace  
That *Genius* which of old inspir'd the place:  
The banish'd Muses back to *Greece* you bring,  
Where their best *Airs* you so Divinely sing;  
The World must own they are by you restor'd  
To sacred shades, where they were first Ador'd.

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## Voiture's Urania.

*By the same Author.*

**H**Opeless I languish out my Days,  
Struck with *Urania's* Conqu'ring Eyes!  
The Wretch at whom she darts these rays,  
Must feel the Wound untill he dies.

Though endless be her Cruelty,  
Calling her *Beauties* to my Mind,  
I bow beneath her Tyranny,  
And dare not murmur she's unkind.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,  
Proff'ring to arm in my defence;  
But when I call her to my aid,  
She's more a Traytor than my sense.

No sooner I the War declare,  
But strait her succour she denies,  
And joyning Forces with the Fair,  
Confirms the *Conquest* of her Eyes.

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SYLVIA.

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# SYLVIA.

*By the same Author.*

**T**He Nymph that undoes me, is Fair and  
Unkind,

No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd ;  
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my  
Eye,

And the cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obliging-  
ly flows,

Has the Beautiful blush, and the Smell of the  
Rose ;

Love



Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,  
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she  
can kill.

The Desperate Lover can hope no redress,  
Where *Beauty* and Rigour are both in excess ;  
In *Sylvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,  
Who sees her must Love. and who Loves her  
must die.

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L T O

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T O  
C E L I A.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

**A**S in those Nations where they yet adore  
 Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,  
 'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,  
 But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the god:  
 So, cruel Fair, tho Heaven has given thee all  
 We Mortals (Virtue, or can *Beauty*) call,  
 'Tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,  
 Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the Wounds.  
 Without our Love, which proudly you deride,  
 Vain were your *Beauty*, and more vain your Pride,  
 All envy'd Beings that the World can shew,  
 Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe.

Subjects

Subjects make Kings, and we (the numerous  
Train

Of Humble Lovers) Constitute thy Reign.

This difference only Beauties Realm may boast,

Where most it favours, it enslaves the most.

And they to whom it is indulgent found ;

Are ever in the rudest Fetters bound.

What Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known

Cruel to those that serv'd to make him one ?

Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour joyn'd,

And Beauty a Disease, when 'tis not kind.

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# THE SUBMISSION.

*By the same Author.*

**A**H! Pardon, *Madam*, if I ever thought  
Your smallest Favours could too dear be  
bought;

And the just greatness of your Servants Flame,  
I did the poorness of their Spirits Name;

Calling their due attendance, Slavery,

Your power of Life and Death, flat Tyranny;

Since now I yield, and do confess, there is

No way too hard that leads to such a bliss.

So when *Hippomanes* beheld the Race,

Where Loss was Death, and Conquest but a  
Face,

He

He stood amazed at the fatal strife,  
Wond'ring that Love should dearer be than Life  
But when he saw the Prize, no longer staid,  
But through those very dangers fought the Maid,  
And won her too : O may his Conquest prove  
A happy Omen to my purer Love ;  
Which, if the honour of all Victory  
In the resistance of the Vanquish'd lie,  
Though, it may be, the least regarded Prize,  
Is not the smallest Trophy of your Eyes.

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# CONSTANCY.

*By the same Author.*

**F**EAR not, *My Dear*, a Flame can never die,  
That is once kindled by so bright an Eye.  
Look on thy self, and measure thence my Love,  
Think what a Passion such a Form must move;  
For though thy Beauty first allur'd my Sight,  
Yet now I look on it but as the Light  
That led me to the Treasury of thy Mind,  
Whose inward Virtue in that Feature shin'd.  
That knot (be confident) will ever last,  
Which Fancy ty'd, and Reason has made fast;  
So fast, that time (although it may disarm  
Thy Lovely Face) my Faith can never harm;

And

And Age, deluded when it comes, will find  
My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul assign'd.  
The Passion I have now, shall ne'er grow less:  
No, though thy own Fair Self should it oppress.  
I cou'd e'en hazard my Eternity,  
Love but again, and 'twill a Heaven be.

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T H E  
INDIFFERENCE.

*By the same Author,*

**T**Hanks, Fair *Urania*, to your scorn,  
I now am free as I was born ;  
Of all the Pain that I endur'd,  
By your late Coldness, I am Cur'd.

In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose  
The Humblest Slave your Beauty knows ;  
In losing you, I but throw down  
A Cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

I must



I must confess, I ne'er could find  
Your equal, or in Shape, or Mind.  
Y'ave Beauty, Wit, and all things know,  
But where you shou'd your Love bestow.

I unawares, my Freedom gave,  
And to those Tyrants grew a Slave ;  
But would y'ave kept what you have won,  
You should have more Compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two Hearts,  
When equally they bear their parts ;  
With pleasure carry, but no one,  
Alas, can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those, who Court their Pain,  
And make an Idol of Disdain;  
My hope in Love, does ne'er expire,  
But I lose also the Desire.

Nor

Nor yet of those, who ill receiv'd,  
Would gladly have strange things believ'd,  
And if your Heart you do defend,  
Their Force against your Honour bend.

Whoe'er does make his Victor less,  
His own low weakness does confess;  
And whilst her pow'r he does defame,  
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that Malice does betray,  
And speak concern another way :  
And all such scorn in men is but  
The Smoak of Fires ill put out.

He's still in Torment, whom the Rage  
To Detraction does engage ;  
In Love, *Indifference* is sure  
The only sign of perfect Cure.

Yet,

Yet, Cruel Fair, if thou canst prove  
As happy in some other Love,  
As I could once have done in thine,  
The Sun on Happier does not shine.

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A

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## Pastoral Dialogue.

*By the same Author.*

*Thyrsis.*

**S**trephon! O Strephon! Once the Jolliest  
Lad,

That with shrill Pipe did ever Mountain glad,

While'ome the formost at our Rural Plays,

The Pride and Glory of our Holy-days:

Why dost thou now sit musing all alone,

Teaching the Turtles yet a sadder Groan?

Well'd with thy Tears, why does the Neigh-  
b'ring Brook

Bear to the Ocean what she never took?

Why

Why do our Woods, so us'd to hear thee Sing,  
With nothing now but with thy Sorrows ring?  
Thy Flocks are well and fruitful, and no Swain  
Than thee more welcome to the Hill or Plain.

*Strephon.*

No loss of these, or care of those are left,  
Hath wretched *Strephon* of his Peace bereft;  
I could invite the Wolf, my cruel Guest,  
And play unmov'd, while he on all did Feast;  
I could endure that every Swain out-run,  
Out-threw, Out-wrestl'd, and each Nymph  
shou'd shun

The hapless *Strephon*: But the gods, I find,  
To no such trifles have his Heart design'd;  
A feller grief, and sadder loss, I plain,  
Then ever Shepherd, or did Prince, sustain;  
Bright *Galatea*, in whose matchless Face  
Sate Rural Innocence with Heavenly Grace,

In whose no less to be adored mind,  
 With equal light, even distant Virtues shind,  
 Chaste, without pride; though gentle, yet not  
 soft;

Not always cruel, nor yet kind too oft:  
 Fair Goddess of these Fields, who for our sports  
 Though she might well become despised Courts,  
 Belov'd of all, and loving one alone,  
 Is from my sight, I fear, for ever gone;  
 Now I am sure thou wondrest not, I grieve:  
 But rather art amazed that I Live.

*Thyrsis.*

Thy Case indeed is pitiful, but yet  
 Thou on thy loss too great a price dost set;  
 Women, like Days are, *Strephon*, some be far  
 More bright and glorious than others are;  
 Yet none so wonderful were ever seen,  
 But by as fair they have succeeded been.

*Strephon.*

*Stréphon.*

Others as Fair, and may as worthy prove,  
But sure I never shall another Love ;  
Her bright *Ides* wanders in my Thought,  
At once my Poyson, and my Antidote ;  
The Stag shall sooner with the Eagle soar :  
Seas leave their Fishes naked on the shoar ;  
The Wolf shall sooner by the Lambkin die,  
And from the Kid the hungry Lyon flie ;  
Than I forget her Face : What once I love,  
May from my Eyes, but not my Heart remove.

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*To a Lady, who fled the sight  
of him.*

*By Sir George Etherege.*

**I**F I my *Celia* cou'd perswade  
To see those Wounds her Eyes have made,  
And hear, whilst I that Passion tell,  
Which, like her self, does so excell,  
How soon we might be freed from Care !  
She need not fear, nor I despair.

Such Beauty does the Nymph protect,  
That all approach her with respect ;  
And can I offer Violence  
Where Love does joyn in her defence?

This



*To a Lady, who fled the Sight of him.* 161

This Guard might all her Fears disperse,  
Did she with *Savages* converse.

Then my *Celia* wou'd surprize  
With what's produc'd by her own Eyes;  
Those matchless Flames which they inspire  
In her own Breast, shou'd raise a fire:  
For Love, but with more subtil Art,  
As well as Beauty charms the Heart.

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M

T O

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*To a Lady, asking him how long he  
would Love her.*

*By the same Author.*

**I**T is not, *Celia*, in our power  
To say how long our Love will last,  
It may be we within this Hour  
May lose those Joys we now do taste:  
The Blessed, that immortal be,  
From Change in Love are only free.  
Then, since we Mortal Lovers are,  
Ask not how long our Love will last;  
But while it does, let us take care  
Each Minute be with Pleasure past;  
Were it not madness to deny  
To live, because w'are sure to Die.

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T O  
 Mr. G. Granville,  
 O N H I S  
 V E R S E S  
 T O T H E  
 K I N G.

*By Mr. Edmund Waller.*

**A**N Early Plant, which such a Blossom bears,  
 And shows a Genius so beyond his Years;  
 A Judgment which could make so fair a Choice,  
 So high a Subject to employ his Voice,  
 Still as it grows, How sweetly will he sing,  
 The growing Greatness of our Matchless King?

M 2

T O

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T O  
Mr. *WALLER*.

By Mr. G. Granville.

**W**Hen into *Lybia*, the Young *Grecian*  
came,

To Talk with *Hammon*, and Consult for Fame;  
When from the Sacred Tripod where he stood,  
The Priest inspir'd, Saluted him, a god ;  
Scarce such a Joy, that haughty Victor knew,  
When own'd by Heaven, as I thus Sung by  
you.

Whoe'er their Names, can in thy Numbers  
show,

Have more than Empire, and Immortal grow :

Age,

Ages to come, shall scorn the Pow'rs of Old,  
When in thy Verse of Greater gods they're  
told.

Our Beauteous Queen, and Martial Monarch's  
Name,

For *Jove* and *Juno*, shall be plac'd by Fame;  
Thy *Charles*, for *Neptune*, shall the Seas Com-  
mand,

And *Sacharissa* shall for *Venus* stand:  
*Greece* shall no longer Boast, nor Haughty *Rome*,  
But think from *Britain*, all the gods did come.

---

O N  
*MYRA's* Singing.

*By the same Author.*

**T**H E *Syrens*, once Deluded, Vainly  
 Charm'd,

Ty'd to the Mast, *Ulysses* Sail'd unharm'd:  
 Had *Myra's* Voice Entic'd his Lift'ning Ear,  
 The *Greek* had stop't, and would have Dy'd to  
 hear :

When *Myra* Sings, we seek th' Enchanting  
 Sound,

And Bless the Notes that do so sweetly  
 Wound.

What Musick needs must dwell upon that  
 Tongue,

Whose Speech is Tuneful, as another's Song:  
 Such

Such Harmony, such Wit, a Face so fair,  
So many pointed Arrows who can bear?  
Who from her Wit, or from her Beauty flies,  
If with her Voice she overtakes him, dyes.  
Like Soldiers, so in Battle we succeed,  
One Peril 'scaping, by another Bleed:  
In vain the Dart, or glittering Sword we shun,  
Condemn'd to perish by the Slaughtering Gun.

---

I N  
Praise of *M Y R A*.

*By the same Author.*

I.

**T**UNE Tune thy Lyre : Begin my  
Muse,  
What Nymph? What Queen? What Goddess  
shall we chuse?  
Whose Praises Sing? What Charmer's Name  
Transmit Immortal down to Fame?  
Strike, strike thy Strings; let Eccho take the  
Sound,  
And bear it far, to all the Mountains round:  
*Pindus* again shall hear, again rejoyce,  
And *Hemus* too, as when th' Enchanting Voice  
Of



Of Tuneful *Orpheus* Charm'd the Grove,  
Taught Oaks to Dance, and made the Cedars  
move.

II.

Nor *Venus*, nor *Diana* will we Name,  
*Myra* is *Venus* and *Diana* too,  
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her,  
is true :

Then Sing, my Muse let *Myra* be our Theam:  
As when the Shepherds do their Garland make  
They search, with pains, the Fragrant Mea-  
dows round,

Plucking but here and there, and only take  
The Choicest Flow'rs, with which some  
Nymph is Crown'd.

In Framing *Myra* so Divinely Fair,  
Nature has taken the same care;  
All that is Lovely, Noble, Good, we see,  
All-beauteous *Myra*, all bound up in Thee.

## I I I.

Where *Myra* is, there is the Queen of Love,  
Th' *Arcadian* Pastures, and the *Cyprian* Grove.  
When *Myra* Walks, so Charming is her Mien,  
In every Movement, every Grace is seen.  
When *Myra* speaks, so just's the sense and strong,  
So Sweet the Voice, 'tis like the Muse's Song.  
Place me on Mountains of Eternal Snow,  
Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow;  
Or cast me underneath the Burning Line,  
Where everlasting Sun does shine,  
Where all is scorcht---Whatever you do decree,  
Ye Gods, where-ever I shall be,  
*Myra* shall still be Lov'd, and still Ador'd by Me'

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# S O N G.

*By the same Author.*

**P**Repar'd to Rail, Resolv'd to Part,  
When I approach the Perjur'd Maid ;  
What is it awes my Timorous Heart ?  
Why is my Tongue afraid ?

With the least Glance a little kind,  
Such wondrous Pow'r have *Myra's* Charms !  
She quells my Doubts, Enslaves my Mind,  
And all my Rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,  
When gazing on that Form Divine,  
Her injur'd Vassal, trembling bows,  
Nor dares her Slave Repine.

S O N G.

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# SONG.

*By the same Author.*

## I.

**W**Hile *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine  
in Alliance,  
With Forces United bid resistless defiance.  
By the touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles  
higher,  
And her Eyes from her drinking redouble their  
Fire.

## II.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their  
Colour,  
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh  
Odour.

His

His dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond  
Curing,  
And the Liquor, like Oyl, makes the Flame  
more enduring.

## III.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from ex-  
piring,  
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and de-  
siring.

Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,  
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

## IV.

Then *Phillis* begin, let our Raptures abound'  
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round.  
Our Joys are Immortal, while thus we remove,  
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to  
Love.

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# SONG.

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*By the same Author.*

**S**O Smooth, and so Serene but now,  
 What means this Change on *Myra's* Brow?  
 Her Aguish Love now glows and burns,  
 Then chills, and shakes, and the Cold Fit returns!

Mockt with deluding Vows and Smiles,  
 When on her Pity I depend,  
 My airy hope she soon beguiles,  
 And Laughs to see my Labours never end.

So up the Steepy Hill with pain,  
 The weighty Stone is rowl'd in vain;  
 Which having toucht the top, recoils,  
 And leaves the Labourer \* to renew his Toils.

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\* *Sisypl. us.*

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# VERSES

Sent from an Unknown Hand, To

Mr. G. GRANVILLE,

In the Country.

**W**H Y, *Granville*, is thy Life confin'd,  
 To Shades, Thou whom the gods  
 design'd

In publick, to do credit to Mankind?

Why sleeps the Noble Ardour of thy Blood,

Which from thy Ancestors, so many Ages past,

From *Rollo*, down to *Bevil* Flow'd,

And then appear'd again at last,

In Thee, when thy Victorious Lance

Bore the Disputed Prize, from all the Youth of

*France.*

In

In the first Tryals, which are made for  
Fame,

These to whom Fate Success denies,  
If taking Counsel from their Shame,  
They modestly Retreat, they're Wise:

But, why should you, who still succeed  
In all you do, whether with Graceful Art you  
lead

The fiery Barb, or with as Graceful Motion  
tread

At shining Balls, where all agree,  
To give the highest Praise, and the first Place to  
Thee.

So Lov'd and Prais'd, whom all Admire,  
Why, why should you from Courts, or Camps  
retire?

If *Celia* is unkind, (if it can be,  
That any Nymph can be unkind to Thee.)

If



If Pensive made by Love, you thus retire,  
Awake your Muse, and string your Lyre ;  
Thy tender Song, and thy Melodious Strain  
Can never be address'd in vain :  
She needs will Love, and we shall have Thee  
back again.

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Occasion'd by the foregoing  
V E R S E S

By Mr. G. Granville.

**W**Hoe're thou art, who tempt'st in such a  
strain,

Sweet is thy *Syren* Song, but Sung in vain:

When the Winds blow, and loud the Billows  
roar,

What Fool would put to Sea, and quit the Shoar?

Early and Vain, into the World I came,

Big with false hopes, and eager after Fame;

Till looking round me, e're the Race began,

Madmen and giddy Fools were all that Ran.

Reclaim'd betimes, I from the Lifts retire,

And thank the gods, who my retreat inspire.

Look

*Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses.* 175

Look round the World, and with impartial  
eyes

Consider and examine all that rise ;

Weigh well their Actions, and their treacherous  
ends,

How Greediness grows ; and by what Steps  
ascends,

What Murders, Treasons, Perjuries, Deceit,

How many fall, to make one Monster Great.

Would you command ? Have Fortune in your  
power ?

Hug whom you Strike, and Smile when you  
Devour ;

Be Bloody, False, Flatter, Forswear, and Lye,

Turn Pandar, Pathick, Parasite, or Spy.

Such thriving Arts, may your wish'd purpose  
bring,

At least a General be, — Perhaps a King.

Fortune we most unjustly partial call,

A Mistress free, who bids alike to all :

180 *Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses.*

But on such terms, as only suit the Base,  
Honour denies, and shuns the foul embrace.  
The Honest Man, who Starves and is Undone,  
Not Fortune, but his Virtue keeps him down:  
Had *Cato* bent beneath the Conquering Cause,  
He might have liv'd to give new *Senates* Laws;  
But on vile terms, Disdaining to be Great,  
He perish'd by his Choice, and not his Fate:  
Honours and Life, th' Usurper bids, and all  
That Vain mistaken Men, Good Fortune call;  
Virtue forbids, and sets before his Eyes  
An honest Death, which he accepts, and dyes.  
O glorious Resolution! Noble Pride!  
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd  
More lov'd, More prais'd, More envy'd in his  
doom,

Than *Cæsar* trampling on the Rights of *Rome*.  
The Virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,  
And Death's a pleasant Road, that leads to Fame.

On

On Bones, and scraps of Dogs, let me be fed,  
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head  
To bleakest Colds, a Kennel be my Bed,  
This, and all other Martyrdom, for Thee,  
Seems glorious all, Thrice beauteous Honesty.

Ye great Disturbers, who in endless Noise,  
In Blood and Horror, seek unnatural Joys;  
For what is all this bustle, but to shun  
Those Thoughts, with which you dare not be  
alone?

As Men in misery, oppress'd with Care,  
Seek in the rage of Wine, to drown Despair.

Let Others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,  
Not caring if the Cause be bad or good;  
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods  
Of strutting Pigmies, who would pass for gods;  
For me unpractis'd in the Courtier's School,  
Who loath a Knave and tremble at a Fool,

182 *Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses.*

What can I hope in Courts? Or how Succeed?  
Lyons and Wolves shall in the Ocean breed,  
The Whale and Dolphin in the Forest feed,  
And every Element exchange its kind,  
When thriving Honesty in Courts we find.

Happy the Man, of mortals happiest he  
Whose quiet Mind, from vain desires is free;  
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,  
But lives, at Peace within himself, Content;  
In Thought, or Act, accountable to none  
But to himself, and to the gods alone.  
O sweetness of Content, Seraphick Joy,  
Which nothing wants, and nothing can de-  
stroy!

Where dwells this Peace, this freedom of the  
Mind,  
Where but in Shades, Remote from human  
kind;

*Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses.* 183

In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds  
meet,

But never comes within the Palace-Gate.

Farewel then Cities, Camps and Courts farewell,

Welcome ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,

From Care, from Business, and mankind remove

All but the Muses, and inspiring Love.

How sweet the Morn! How quiet is the Night!

How Calm the Evening! And the Day how  
bright?

From hence, As from a Hill, I view below

The crowded World, which like some Wood  
does show,

Where several Wanderers travel day and night

By several ways, *And none are in the right.*

---

---

THE  
PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

*By the same Author.*

THE god of Day, descending from Above,  
Mixt with the Sea, and got the Queen of  
Love,

*Beauty* that fires the World, 'twas fit should rise'  
From him alone, who lights the Stars and Skies.

In *Cyprus* long, by Men and gods obey'd,  
The Lovers toil, she gratefully repai'd,  
Promiscuous blessings to her Slaves assign'd,  
And taught the World, that *Beauty* should be  
kind.

Learn



*The Progress of* B E A U T Y. 185

Learn by this Pattern, all ye Fair, to Charm,  
Bright be your Beams, but without scorching  
Warm.

*Helen* was next: From *Greece* to *Phrygia*  
brought,  
With much expence of Blood and Empire  
fought,  
*Beauty* and *Love*, the noblest Cause afford,  
That can try Valour, or employ the Sword.  
Not Men alone, incited by her Charms,  
But Heaven's concern'd, and all the gods take  
Arms.

The glorious *Trojan*, happily possess'd,  
Enjoys, and bids despairing Fools contest;  
Secure said he, of that for which they Fight,  
Theirs be the Toil, and Mine be the Delight.  
Your Dull Reflections, Moralists forbear,  
His Title's best, who best can please the Fair.

Ten

186 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Ten Years, a Glorious space ! he kept his hold,  
Nor lost, till Beauty was decay'd and Old,  
And Love, by long possession, pall'd and Cold.

And now , The gods in pity to the Cares,  
The fierce Desires, Divisions, and Despairs,  
Of tortur'd Men, while Beauty was confin'd,  
Resolv'd to multiply the Charming Kind.  
*Greece* was the Land, where this bright Race  
begun,  
And saw a thousand Rivals to the Sun ;  
Hence follow'd Arts, Each studying with Care  
Some new Production to delight the Fair.  
To bright *Egeria*, *Socrates* retir'd :  
His Wisdom grew, but as his Love inspir'd :  
Those Rocks and Oaks, that such emotions  
felt,  
Were cruel Maids, whom *Orpheus* taught to  
melt.

Musick

*The Progress of* B E A U T Y. 187

Musick and Songs, and every way to move  
The ravish'd Heart, were owing all to *Love*.

The gods entic'd by so divine a Birth,  
Descend from Heaven, to this New Heaven on  
Earth,

Thy Wit, *O Mercury's* no defence from *Love*,  
Nor *Mars* thy Armour, nor thy Thunder *Jove*.

The mad Immortals in a thousand Shapes  
Range the wide Globe : some yield, some suf-  
fer Rapes,

Invaded, or deceiv'd, not One escapes.

The Wife, tho' a bright Goddess, thus gives place  
To mortal Mistresses, of fresh Embrace ;  
By such Examples were we taught to see  
The Life and Soul of *Love's Variety*.

In those first Times, e're charming Woman-  
kind

Reform'd their Pleasures, Polishing the Mind ;  
Rude

188. *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Rude were their Revels, and obscene their Joys;  
The Broils of Drunkards, and the Lusts of Boys.  
*Phæbus* laments, for *Hiacinthus* dead,  
And *Juno* jealous, storms at *Ganymed*.

Return my Muse, and close that Odious  
Scene,

Nor stain thy Verse, with Images unclean,  
Of *Beauty* Sing, her shining Progress view,  
From Clime to Clime, the dazzling Light pur-  
sue ;  
Tell how she spread, and how in Empire grew.

From *Greece* to *Africk*, *Beauty* takes her  
flight,

And ripens with her near approach to Light;  
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of swarthy Dames,  
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims,  
*Beauty* to no Complexion is confin'd,  
Is of all Colours, and by none defin'd ;

Jewels

*The Progress of* B E A U T Y. 189

Jewels that shine, in Gold or Silver set,

As precious, and as sparkling are in Jet.

Here, *Cleopatra* with a liberal Heart,

Bounteous of Love, improv'd the Joy with  
Art ;

The first who taught recruited Slaves to know  
That the rich Pearl, was of more use, than  
show.

Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,  
Kept Love for ever flowing, and full fraught.

*Julius* and *Anthony*, those Lords of all,

Lo ! At her feet present the conquer'd Ball.

Those dreadful Eagles, that had fac'd the  
Sun

From *Pole* to *Pole*, at length fall dazl'd down.

Her dying Truth, some generous tears would cost

Had not her Fate inspir'd, \* *The World well*  
*lost,*

---

\* *All for Love*, Or the World well lost ; written by Mr.  
*Dryden*.

With

190 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

With secret Pride, the ravisht Muses view  
The Image of that Death, which *Dryden* drew.

Pleas'd in this happy Climate, warm and  
bright,

*Love* for some Ages, revels with delight.

The Martial *Moors*, in Galantry refin'd,

Invent new Arts, to make their Charmers kind.

See! in the Lifts, which golden Barriers  
bound,

In Warlike Ranks, they wait the Trumpet's  
Sound,

Some Love-Device is wrought on every Sword,

And every Ribbon bears some mystick word.

As when we see the winged Winds engage,

Mounted on Coarfers foaming flame and rage,

One Cloud repuls'd, new Combatants prepare

To meet as fierce, and form a Thund'ring  
War,

*The Progress of* B E A U T Y. 191

So, at the Trumpet's call, advancing high  
Their golden Spears, the *Hermes* seem to fly,  
So meet, and so renew the skilful Fight,  
Each fair Beholder trembling for her Knight ;  
Still as one falls, another rushes in,  
And all must be ore'come, or none can win ;  
The Victor, from the shining Dame, whose  
Eyes,  
Aided his conquering Arm, Receives a Prize.

Thus flourish *Love*, and *Beauty* reign'd in  
State,  
Till the proud *Spaniard*, gave their Glories  
date.  
But tho' these matchless Galantries are past  
Yet the Description shall for ever last ;  
\* *Granada* lost, has seen her Poms restor'd,  
And *Almahide*, once more by *Kings* ador'd.

---

\* Conquest of *Granada*, by Mr. Dryden. The Part of *Almahide*,  
Acted by Mrs. Ellen Gwin.

Love

*Love* driven thence, to colder *Britain* flies,  
And with bright Eyes, the distant Sun supplies;  
Romances, that relate the dreadful Fights,  
The Loves, and Prowess, of advent'rous  
Knights,

To animate their Rage, *A Kiss* record  
From *Britain's* fairest Nymphs, was the Re-  
ward:

Thus ancient to Love's Empire, is the claim  
Of *English Beauty*, and so wide the Fame.

Which, like our Flag upon the Seas, gives  
Law

By right avow'd, and keeps the World in  
Awe.

Our gallant Kings, of whom long Annals  
prove,  
The mighty Deeds, stand as renown'd for  
Love,

A Mo-



*The Progress of B E A U T Y.* 193

A Monarch's right, o're Beauty they may  
claim,

Lords of that Ocean, from whence Beauty  
came.

Thy *Rosamond*, Great *Henry*, on the Stage,  
By a late Muse, presented in our Age,  
With aking Hearts, and flowing Eyes we view,  
While that dissembled Death recalls the true;  
In *Bracegirdle*, the Persons so agree,  
That all seems real the Spectators see.

Of *Scots* and *Gauls* defeated, and their  
Kings

Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever Sings;  
Like thy high deeds, thy noble Loves are prais'd,  
Who hast to Love, the noblest Trophy rais'd;  
Thy Statues *Venus*, tho by *Phidia's* hand  
Design'd Immortal, yet no longer stand,  
The magick of thy shining *Zone* is past,  
But *Salisbury's* Garter shall for ever last,

O

Which

194 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Which thro' the World, by living Monarchs  
worn,  
Adds Grace to Scepters, and do's Crowns  
Adorn.

If such their Fame, who gave those Rites  
Divine

To sacred Love, O what dishonour's thine  
Forgetful Queen \*, who Sever'd that bright  
Head

Which Charm'd Two mighty Monarchs to its  
Bed !

Had'st thou been born a Man, thou had'st not  
err'd,

Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd ;  
But Ah ! what mighty Magick can assuage  
A Woman's Envy, and a Bigot's Rage !

---

\* *Mary Queen of Scots, put to Death by Queen Elizabeth.*

## *The Progress of* B E A U T Y. 195

*Love* tyr'd at length, *Love* that delights to  
Smile,

Flying from Scenes of Horror, quits our Isle;  
With *Charles*, the Cupids and the Graces gone,  
In Exile live ; for *Love* and He were one :  
With *Charles* he wanders, and for *Charles* he  
mourns,

But O how fierce the Joy, when *Charles* re-  
turns !

As eager Flames, with opposition spent,  
Break out impetuous, when they find a vent ;  
As a fierce Torrent, hinder'd in its race,  
Forcing its way, rolls with redoubled pace :  
From the loud Palace, to the silent Grove,  
All, by the King's example, Live and Love :  
The Muses with diviner Voices Sing,  
And all rejoice to please the God-like King.  
Then *Waller* in Immortal Verse proclaims  
The shining Court, and all the glittering Dames ;

196 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Thy Beauty, \**Sydney*, Like *Achilles* Sword  
Resistless stands, upon as sure record,  
The for'most Hero, and the brightest Dame,  
Both sung alike, shall have their Fate the  
fame,

And now my Muse, a Nobler Song prepare,  
And sing it loud, that Heaven and Earth may  
hear :

Behold from *Italy*, a wandring Ray  
Of moving Light, illuminates the Day ;  
Northward she bends, Majestically bright,  
And here she fixes her Imperial Light.

Be bold, be bold my Muse, nor fear to raise  
Thy Voice to her , who was thy earliest  
Praise ;

What ! tho the fullen Fates refuse to shine,  
Or frown severe on thy audacious Line,

---

\* The Lady *Dorothy Sydney*, celebrated by Mr. *Waller* under the  
Name of *Sacharissa*.

Keep thy bright Theam, within thy steady  
fight,

The Clouds shall flie, before the dazzling Light,  
And everlasting Day direct thy Flight :

Thou who hast never yet put on disguise

To flatter Folly, or descend to Vice,

Let no vain fear, thy generous Ardor tame,

But stand upright, *And Sound as loud as Fame.*

As when our Eye, some Prospect would  
pursue,

Descending from a Hill , looks round to view,

Passes o're Lawns and Meadows, till it gains

Some beauteous spot, and fixing there, remains ;

With the like Rapture, my transported Muse

Flies other Objects, this bright Theam to  
chuse.

*Princess Ador'd and Lov'd !* If Verse can give

A Deathless Name, thine shall for ever live ;

198 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Invok'd wheree're the *British* Lyon roars,  
Extended as the Seas that gird our Shores.

O happy *James*! content thy mighty Mind,  
Grudge not the World, for still thy Queen is  
kind:

To lie but at whose feet more Glory brings,  
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters and on Kings:  
Secure of Empire in that Beauteous Breast,  
Who would not give their Crowns to be so  
blest? ●

Was *Hellen* half so fair, so form'd for Joy,  
Well chose the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*.  
So Charming, so Divine! 'twas just that she  
Who was *Love's Queen*, should *Queen of Britain* be

But Ah! what strange Vicissitudes of Fate,  
What chance attends on every Worldly State!  
As when the Skies were sackt, the driven gods  
Compell'd from Heaven, forsook their blest  
Abodes,

Wandering

*The Progress of* B E A U T Y. 199

Wandering in Woods, they skulkt from Den to  
Den,

Or leading flocks, turn'd hirelings to Men.

Or, as the stately Pine, erecting high

Her Beauteous Branches, shooting to the Sky ;

If strucken by the Thunderbolt of *Jove*,

Down falls at once, the Pride of all the Grove ;

Level wit h lowest Earth, lies the tall Head,

That rear'd aloft, as to the Clouds was spread :

So ———

But cease my Muse, thy Colours are too faint,

Hide with a Veil, those griefs that none can

paint ;

The *Sun*'s retir'd---But see ! in bright array

What Hosts of heavenly Light, recruit the Day :

Love in a shining *Galaxy* appears

Triumphant still, and *Grafton* leads the Stars ;

Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways

Invade the Lookers on, who dye to gaze,

200 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Knowing our dooms, as to the *Siren's* Voice,  
So sweet's th' Enchantment, that our Fate's our  
choice,

Who most resembles her, let next be nam'd,  
*Villers* for Wisdom, as for Beauty fam'd,  
Of a high Race that Conquering *Beauty* brings,  
To Charm the World, and Subjects make of  
Kings.

*Richmond's* a Title, that, but nam'd, implies  
Majestick Graces, and Victorious Eyes;  
As much, O happy *Brudenell*! art thou known  
By thy bright Daughters Beauties, as thy own.

By *Essex*, and fair *Rutenbourg* we find,  
That Beauty to no Climate is confin'd,

*Rupert* of Royal Blood, with modest Grace,  
Blushes to hear the Triumphs of her Face.

With



With what delight my Muse to *Sandwich* flies,  
Whose Wit is piercing as her sparkling Eyes.

Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her airy  
Wings,  
And Tunes her Voice when she of *Ormond* Sings:  
Of radiant *Ormond*, only fit to be  
The Successor of Beauteous *Ossory*.

*Holms* and *St. Albans* full of Charms appear :  
*Hyde Venus* is ; the *Graces* are *Kildare*.

Careless, but yet secure of Conquest still,  
*Luson* unaiming never fails to kill :  
Guiltless of Pride, to Captivate or Shine,  
Bright without Art, she wounds without design.

But *Windham* like a Tyrant throws the Dart,  
And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart :

Proud

202 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Proud of the Ravage that her Beauties make,  
Delights in Wounds, and Kills for Killing sake;  
Asserting the Dominion of her Eyes,  
As Heroes Fight for Glory, not for Prize.

The skilful Muses earliest care has been  
The Praise of never fading *Mazarin* :  
The \* Poet and his Theam, in spite of Time,  
For ever Young, enjoy an endless Prime.

With Charms so numerous, *Myra* can surprize,  
The Lover knows not by which Dart he Dies;  
So thick the Volly, and the Stroke so sure,  
No Flight can save, no Remedy can Cure.

Yet dawning in her infancy of light,  
O see another *Brudenell*, Heavenly bright,  
Born to fulfil the Glories of her Line,  
And fix Love's Empire in that Race Divine.

*The Progress of* B E A U T Y. 203

Fain would my Muse to *Stowell* bend her  
Sight,  
But turns astonisht from the dazling Light,  
Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy Flight.

O *Kaeller* ! Like thy Pictures were my Song,  
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil strong ;  
These matchless Beauties should Recorded be,  
In Verse Immortal, as thy \* *Gallery*.

---

\* *The Gallery of Beauties, Drawn by Sir Godfrey Kaeller.*

---

In Imitation of the 23<sup>d</sup>. Ode  
of ANACREON.

On GOLD, to a MISER.


**C**ou'd heaps of Wealth prolong our Fate,  
And stretch our Days beyond their Date.  
Were *Life* as well as *Pardons* Sold,  
And *Death* like *Hell*, Brib'd off with Gold.  
Then *I* would Scrape and Save, and be,  
At least, as *Covetous* as *Thee*.  
Then if the Messenger shou'd come,  
That brings to all the fatal Doom;  
I'd scorn to give him these Remains  
Of Time, worn out with Age and Pains :  
I'd use him kindlier than so,  
And pay in *Gold* the Debt I owe.

But

But since *We Mortals* vainly try  
To purchase *Immortality*,  
It is as vain to Sigh and Grieve,  
And fearing Death, neglect to Live.  
If the Minutes will not stay,  
With pleasure they shall pass away ;  
In Streams of Wine shall smoothly glide,  
Wasted down the purple Tide :  
Or let 'em still more gently move,  
Born on the even wings of Love.  
Useless *Gold*, Why shou'd we save ?  
*We* are the Tribute of the Grave.  
Come give me Wine, 'tis brighter far,  
Than thy Gold or Jewels are :  
Look in the Glass and see it Rise ;  
It sparkles like *Lucinda's* Eyes ;  
Like her can Charm, like her Inspire  
The Soul with Mirth and gay desire.  
Our Friends are come, the Bowls are crown'd,  
Let's Drink and let her Health go round.

Let's

Let's Drink, and let's our Time improve,  
The Day with Wine, the Night with Love.  
Of *Life* we all shou'd *Misers* be,  
And none shou'd *trust Futurity*.  
The Golden Hours that now are gone,  
We have enjoy'd and made our own :  
If longer time the gods will give ,  
*We* surely shall the Gift receive,  
*We* that best know how to *Live*.



T O

# L E S B I A.

*Queris quot mibi basiationes  
Tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.*  
Catullus.

**W**ouldst thou, my dearest *Lesbia*, know,  
When round thy Neck my Arms I  
throw ;

When to thy Lips, my Lips I join,  
And press thy rising Breasts to mine ;  
When my quick Spirits briskly move,  
Inspir'd with joy, inspir'd with Love ;  
How many Kisses I'd receive,  
How many thousand Kisses give ?  
Tell first how many drops there be  
In the vast Ocean's boundless Sea :  
Then add to these th' unnumber'd Store  
Of Grains that crowd his Sandy Shore :

Count

Count next what Stars adorn the Skies,  
When Heav'n looks forth with *All* its Eyes,  
To view our Midnight Sports and stolen Joys,  
But these, ah *Lesbia*! these will prove  
Too few for my insatiate Love :  
'Midst all this Wealth I shall be Poor,  
And still enjoying wish for more ;  
Almighty Love no bounds allows,  
No measure He, nor Number knows.  
Then let our Joys, my *Lesbia*, be  
Immense as his Divinity :  
No Sands, no Seas, nor Stars controul,  
Th' unbounded pleasures of our Soul.

Thus, thus, my Dearest, let us live,  
Claspt in each others longing Arms :  
As many Thousand Kisses give,  
As I've *Desires*, and Thou hast *Charms*.

This, *Lesbia*, only this can prove,  
Enough for my insatiate Love.



## A N

*Epithalamium from Catullus.*

## Y O U T H S.

**R**ISE Youths, the Evening's come, and  
her bright Star

With long expected light flames from afar :

'Tis time to rise, 'tis time the Feast to leave,

To sing the Nuptials, and the Bride receive.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed*

*Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

## V I R G I N S.

See, see they 'dvance, and *Hesperus* above

On *Oeta's* top now lights the Lamp of Love:

P

What

210 *An Epithalamium from Catullus.*

What Life, what Vigour in their Mien appears!

And sprightly joy assures the Triumph theirs.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed  
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

### Y O U T H S.

For us, no light, no easy Task's prepar'd,  
Doubtful's the Strife, and to Subdue is hard:  
See with what studious care the Virgin Train  
Employ their Thoughts, nor will employ in  
vain;

'Tis Care and Labour must the Victory gain.

Whilst we ignobly by our sloth betray'd  
Shall fall, and be an easy Conquest made.

Let this a vig'rous Emulation raise,

And as *They Sing*, let *Us* return their Lays.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed  
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

VIRGINS.

O Hesperus ! what more malignant light  
Glares in the dusky forehead of the Night ?  
Thou, Cruel thou, dost from the bosom tear  
Of her Fond Mother the unwilling Fair ;  
And giv'st her up withall her Virgin Charms,  
Expos'd to th' fury of a Lover's Arms.  
What greater Cruelty than this is shown  
By Lawless Conquerors in a taken Town ?

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed  
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

YOUTH'S.

No Star, like thee, with such a Cheerful light,  
Smiles on the sober face of silent Night !  
You, kindly you, when your glad beams arise,  
Ripen the Parents hopes, and Lovers joys ;  
Which, both with strong desire inflam'd, delay,  
Till thy bright Star has clos'd the tedious Day.

212 *An Epithalamium from Catullus.*

What greater Bliss can be bestow'd by Jove,  
Than the soft Minute of transporting Love?

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and best  
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

### VIRGINS.

Thou under covert of the treach'rous  
Night,  
Hast snatch'd our dear Companion from our  
Sight :

At thy approach the watchful Guards are  
set,

And Night led on by Thee affords retreat  
To Thieves and Robbers ; till again you rise  
With kindlier Beams, to gild the *Eastern Skies*,  
And whom the Evening hid, thy Morning  
Rays surprize.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and best  
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

YOUTHS.

Y O U T H S.

Let the Chaste Virgins modestly complain  
With well-dissembled Rage, and false disdain:  
They at the *Joys thou giv'st* will ne'er repine,  
And nature softly pleads thy cause within.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed  
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

V I R G I N S,

As some fair Plant that's in a Garden rear'd,  
Safe from the piercing Plough, and trampling  
herd,  
Whilst yet the Sun's mild Rays, and gentle  
Show'rs,  
With fanning Winds refresh its op'ning flow'rs,  
The eyes of ev'ry *Youth*, and ev'ry *Maid* allures.  
Torn from the Stalk, the tender Blossoms fade,  
Despis'd by every *Youth*, and every *Maid*.

214 *An Epithalamium from Catullus.*

So while her Virgin Bloom adorns the Fair,  
By all she's Courted, and to all is Dear ;  
But when her faded Chastity is gone,  
By none she's Courted, is Belov'd by none.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed  
Thy sacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

Y O U T H S.

As the Wild Vine, that in the Desert grows,  
And bears no fruitful Blossoms on its Boughs,  
( Which, by their weight bent downwards, and  
unbound,  
Spread their neglected Tendrils on the ground )  
Despis'd and scorn'd, can no assistance find,  
Or from the Peasant, or the labouring Hind.  
But if the Elm be Wedded to the Vine,  
And round his Waste her clasping Branches twine,  
Her loaded Arms, which a full Vintage bear,  
Tempt and reward the Hinds and Peasants care.

*An Epithalamium from Catullus. 215*

So the Unmarry'd Virgin's *drooping Charms*,  
Receive fresh Vigour from a Lovers Arms.  
Dear to her Husband still new Joys she gives,  
And in her Aged Sire past Youth revives.

Be not, Fair Virgin, with reluctance led  
To the chaste transports of the Nuptial Bed :  
Let thee, the will of thy kind Parents move,  
And be not deaf to Duty as to Love.  
Your self's not wholly yours, one third is due  
To either Parent, and one third to you ;  
And since both these to *Him* their Right convey,  
If *Love* *perswades* not, *Reason bids* obey.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed  
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

---

Part of the 14th Book of  
*H O M E R.*

*In this is Described the Contrivance of Juno  
to lull Jupiter to Sleep , that Neptune  
the mean time might Assist the Grecians.*

**O**N *Jove's* lofty top the *Thund'rer* fate,  
And held with equal hand the Scales  
of Fate ;

What Plot shou'd *Juno* try, which way deceive  
Th' impartial god, and labouring *Greeks* relieve?  
The *Queen* was soon resolv'd, and chose to prove  
The old, yet still successful, Cheat of Love,  
She knew her Charms, and knew Almighty  
*Jove.*

Then



Then freight to her Apartment does repair,  
Th' Apartment was contriv'd by *Vulcan's* care ;  
With skill Divine he form'd the private room,  
Sacred to her, where none but she cou'd come.  
Here from all Eyes withdrawn she Naked stood,  
And bath'd her Body in the Crystal flood :  
Then on her Heavenly Limbs *Ambrosial* Show'rs  
Of rich perfumes and liquid Oyntment pours,  
( Born by the Winds the fragrant Spirit flies  
Thro' the wide Earth diffus'd, and spacious  
Skies ; )

This done, with a nice Hand and artful Care,  
She Combs, and Curls in Rings her shining Hair ;  
The golden Locks from her celestial Head  
With comely pride descend, and round her  
Shoulders spread :

Her radiant Form in a rich Robe she drest,  
And with her Girdle binds the flowing Vest,  
On which a thousand various Figures shine,  
Wrought in the Heav'nly Loom by hands Divine.

218. *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

Two glitt'ring Diamonds, like refulgent Stars,  
Shoot forth their beams and sparkle at her Ears,  
Then over all a shining Veil she throws,  
And thus adorn'd, in haste to *Venus* goes.

To whom she says —

Let not, bright Queen, the different sides we  
chuse,

Make you, the small request I have, refuse,  
To thee, the *Queen of Love*, the *Queen of Heaven*  
sues.

And sure we're too much mov'd with human  
cares,

If their rash Quarrels and intestine Wars  
Disturb our blisful Seats, or can create  
In Gods and Goddesses eternal hate.

The grant is easy, nor do I distrust

Your kind Assistance in a cause so just:

I'm going now to those remote abodes,  
In which the ancient Parents of the Gods,

Part of the 14th Book of Homer. 219

Ocean and Tethys Empire hold, beyond  
Where the Sun rolls, and Earth receives its  
bound.

With them I dwell, when from those Realm<sup>s</sup>  
above

Saturn was driven by the Arms of Jove;

The helps they gave my tender Years, engage

For them th' Assistance of my riper Age :

With grief I see their Strifes that have destroy'd

Those mutual Pleasures, which they once  
enjoy'd :

Could I these feuds and jealousies remove,

And tie again the loosen'd bands of Love,

They would for ever bless me, and my name

Shou'd stand the first in the records of Fame.

Give me those pow'rful Charms by which you  
sway

The World, and make both Gods and Men

Obeys.

She

220 *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

She spake; nor cou'd the beauteous *Queen*  
of *Love*,

Refuse the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*.

But from her snowy Breast ungirds the *Zone*,  
That with rich Work, and high Embroidery  
shone.

In this were all those Charms that cou'd inspire  
The Soul with amorous warmth and gay  
desire;

Soft Glances, forward Hopes, and modest Fears,  
False Oaths, and tender Sighs, and speaking  
Tears,

The subtle Arts and Eloquence of Love,  
To cheat the Wisest, and the stubborn'st  
move.

Take *This*, said she, *This* will again revive  
Their flames, and make their drooping Passion  
live.

The Goddess pleas'd with her successful wiles,  
Takes the rich Gift, and as she takes it smiles.

Then

Then *Venus* to the Heav'ns returns, whilst *She*  
Pursues her way, secure of Victory.

And now she came, where in Majestick state  
The Father of the Gods exalted sat :

He saw the *Queen*, and from her conquering Eyes  
Thro' all his Veins the pointed Lightning flies ;  
Th' Almighty soon dissolv'd with warm desires,  
Feels in his Blood those soft and tender fires :  
Which youthful Breasts inflame, when first they  
prove,

With joy transported the sweet thefts of Love.  
On her bright Form he wondring gaz'd, then  
prest

Her Hand, and thus in words himself address.

On what design, bright Goddess, cam'st thou  
here

From Heav'n, and not thy Steeds nor Chariot  
near ?

*Juno* repli'd, to those remote abodes  
I go, in which the Parents of the Gods

*Ocean*

222 *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

*Ocean* and *Tethys* Empire hold, beyond

Where the *Sun* rolls, and *Earth* receives its bound;

The helps they gave my tender Years, engage

For them th' assistance of my riper Age.

I'm griev'd to see the *strifes* which have destroy'd

Those *mutual Pleasures* which they once enjoy'd,

Would fain these Feuds and Jealousies remove,

That slacken and untie the Bonds of Love.

My Horses and my Chariot ready stand

At *Ida's* foot prepar'd for my command:

In haste I thither came but to receive

From thee, my Husband, thy consent and leave:

I would not for another's Peace create

Uneasier Feuds at home, and worse Debate.

Then *Jove*; *This Journey*, you may well delay,

But *flitting Love* has Wings, and cannot stay:

Here clasp'd in one anothers Arms let's lie,

And gather ere it fade the blooming joy.

Ne'er did Divine or Human Love inspire

My Breast before with such an ardent fire:

Not

Part of the 14th Book of Homer. 223.

Not fair *Alcmena* charm'd with this delight,  
Nor all the pleasures of the *extended* Night ;  
Not *Semele*, whose vigorous Off-spring show'd  
In what warm transports I begot the god ;  
Not the fresh beauties of *Latona's* face,  
Nor comeller *Ceres* more Majestick Grace ;  
Nor even *Thou thy self*, nor didst thou e'er  
Look so divinely Bright, so charming Fair.

To him the Goddess thus repl'd, Great *Jove*  
This place is not a proper Scene for Love :  
He shuns the busy day, the prying Light,  
And flies to the retreat of silent Night.  
Caught by some god, I shall become their Jest  
Both at the Council and the publick Feast ;  
When e'er I'm look'd on, I shall think they trace  
The print of pleasure in my glowing face ;  
And by my Blushes and my Care reveal  
That Secret which I labour to conceal.

To whom the Thund'rer with a Smile replies,  
Fear not the Gods, nor Mortals prying Eyes ;

So

224 *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

So thick a Cloud I'll cast around, no Ray  
Of Light shall introduce th' unwelcome Day.

Then fir'd and Ravish'd with her Heav'nly  
Charms,

He snatch'd the yielding Goddess to his Arms.  
The joyful Earth was pleas'd, and smiling spread  
Her flow'ry Lap to form the fragrant Bed ;  
Pansies and Hyacinths were strew'd around,  
And a new blooming Spring adorn'd the ground.  
Upon their naked Limbs in gentle Showres  
The golden Cloud Ambrosial Moisture pours.  
At length the god with Love and Sleep oppress'd,  
Melts in her Arms, and sinks to pleasing Rest.

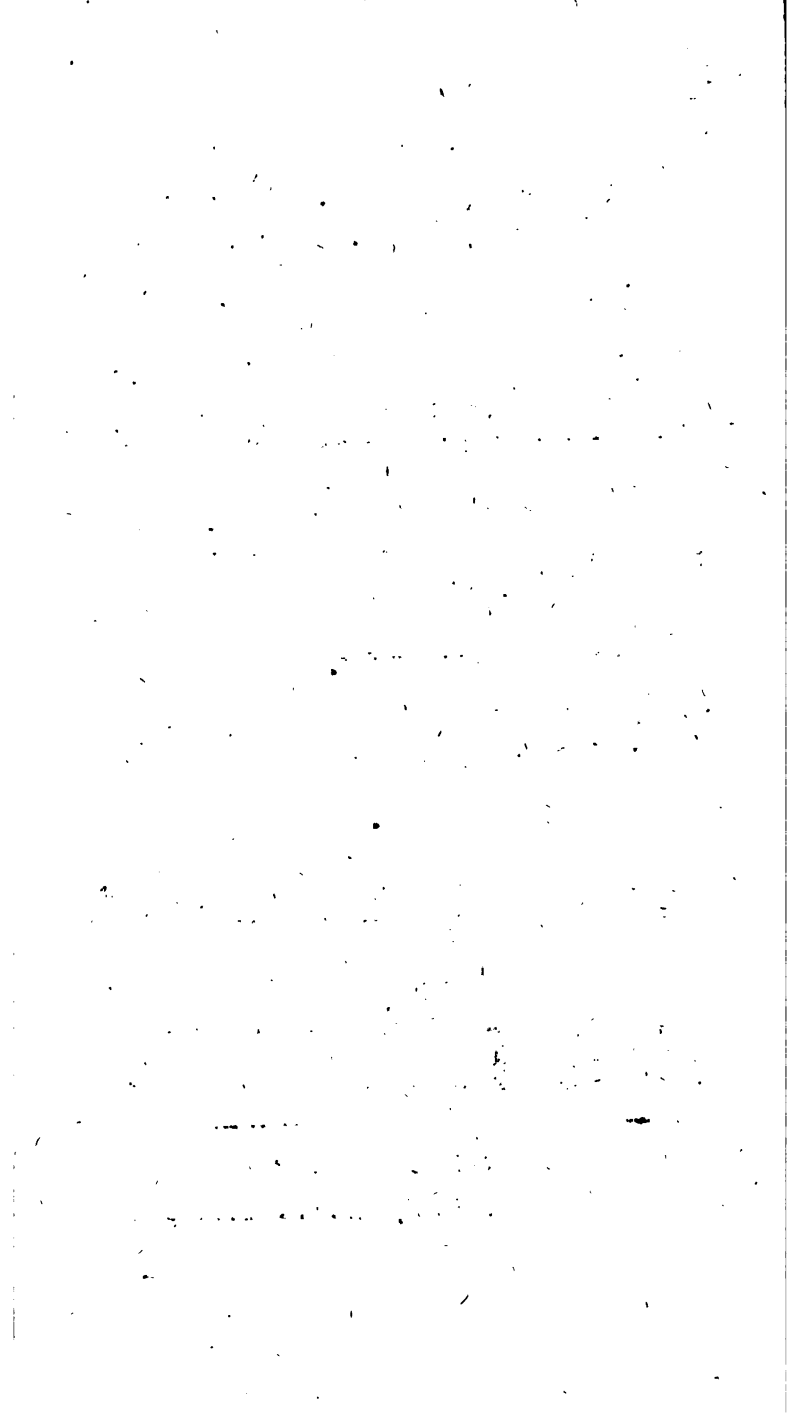
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AN  
 EPISTLE  
 To the Right Honourable  
 CHARLES  
 EARL of  
*Dorset and Middlesex,*  
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN of  
 His Majesty's Household.  
 Occasion'd by  
 His MAJESTY's Victory  
 IN  
 IRELAND.

---

*By the Right Honourable*  
 CHARLES MOUNTAGUE, *Baron Halifax.*



A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O

*The Earl of Dorset.*

**W**hat ? shall the King the Nation's Genius  
raise,

And make us Rival our Great *Edward's* Days ;

Yet not one Muse, worthy a Conqu'rors Name,

Attend his Triumphs, and Record his Fame !

Oh *Dorset* ! You alone this Fault can mend,

The Muses Darling, Confident, and Friend ?

The Poets are your Charge, and, if unfit,

You should be Fin'd to furnish abler Wit ;

Oblig'd to quit your Ease, and draw agen,

To Paint the Greatest Heroe, the Best Pen.

Q 2

A

A Hero, who thus early does out-shine  
The Ancient Honours of his Glorious Line ;  
And soaring more sublimely to Renown,  
The Mem'ry of their Pious Triumphs drown :  
Whose Actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,  
As Types and Figures of His greater Name.

When Fate some mighty Genius has design'd,  
For the Relief and Wonder of Mankind,  
Nature takes time to answer the Intent,  
And climbs by slow Degrees, the steep Ascent :  
She toils and labours with the growing Weight,  
And watches carefully the Steps of Fate ;  
Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,  
To set the Hero in a happy Light ;  
Then in a lucky and propitious Hour,  
Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.

In *Nassau's* Race she made this long Essay;  
Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,  
And promis'd in their Dawn, this brighter Day :  
A Publick Spirit distinguish'd all the Line;  
Successive Vertues in each Branch did shine,  
Till this last Glory rose, and Crown'd the Great  
Design.

Blest be his Name ! And Peaceful lie his Grave,  
Who durst his Native Soil, lost *Holland*, save !  
But *William's* Genius takes a wider Scope,  
And gives the Injur'd, in all Kingdoms, Hope :  
Born to subdue insulting Tyrants Rage,  
The Ornament and Terror of the Age ;  
The Refuge, where afflicted Nations find  
Relief from those Oppressors of Mankind,  
Whom Laws restrain not, and no Oaths can bind.  
Him, their Deliv'rer, *Europe* does confess,  
All Tongues extoll, and all Religions Bless :

230 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

The *Po*, the *Danube*, *Beris*, and the *Rhine*,  
United in his Praise, their Wonder join :  
While in the Publick Cause he takes the Field  
And shelter'd Nations Fight behind his Shield  
His Foes themselves dare not Applause refuse :

And shall such Actions want a faithful Muse ?  
Poets have this to boast ; Without their Aid,  
The freshest Lawrels, nipp'd by Malice, fade, }  
And Virtue to Oblivion is betray'd :

The proudest Honours have a narrow Date,  
Unless they vindicate their Names from Fate.

But who is equal to sustain the Part !

*Dryden* has Numbers ; But he wants a Heart :

Enjoin'd a Penance ( which is too severe

For playing once the Fool ) to Persevere.

Others, who knew the Trade, have laid it down ;

And, looking round, I find you stand alone.

How,

How, Sir! can you, or any *English* Muse,  
Our Country's Fame, our Monarch's Arms, refuse?

'Tis not my Want of Gratitude; but Skill,  
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil:  
I cannot sing of Conquests, as I ought,  
And my Breath fails to swell a lofty Note.  
I know my Compass, and my Muses Size,  
She loves to Sport and Play, but dares not Rise;  
Idly affects in this familiar Way,  
In easy Numbers loosely to convey,  
What mutual Friendship wou'd at Distance say.

Poets assume another Tone and Voice,  
When Victory's their Theam, and Arms their  
Choice.

To follow Heroes in the Chace of Fame,  
Asks Force, and Heat, and Fancy wing'd with Flame?  
What Words can paint the Royal Warrior's Face?  
What Colours can the Figure boldly raise?

132 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

When cover'd o'er with comely Dust and Smoke,  
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickest Squadrons broke;  
His bleeding Arm, still painful with the Sore,  
Which, in his Peoples Cause, the Pious Father bore:  
Whom, cleaving through the Troops a Glorious  
Way,

Not the United Force of *France*, and Hell cou'd stay

Oh *Dorset*! I am rais'd, I'm all on Fire!  
And if my Strength could answer my Desire,  
In Speaking Paint this Figure should be seen,  
Like *Jove* his Grandeur, and like *Mars* his Mien;  
And Gods descending should Adorn the Scene.

See, See! Upon the Bank of *Bayne* he stands,  
By his own view adjusting his Commands;  
Calm and Serene the Armed Coast surveys,  
And in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:  
Then fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,  
Resolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.

From



*An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.* 233

From wing to wing the Squadrons bending stand,  
And close their ranks to meet their Kings command.  
The Drums and Trumpets sleep, the sprightly  
Noise

Of Neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,  
Suspended in Attention, banish far  
All Hostile Sounds, and hush the Dinn of War.:  
The silent Troops stretch forth an eager Look,  
List'ning with joy, while thus their Gen'ral spoke.

\*Come Fellow-Soldiers, Follow me once more,  
And fix the Fate of *Europe* on that Shore;  
Your Courage only waits from me the Word,  
But *England's* Happiness Commands my Sword.  
In her Defence I ev'ry Part will bear,  
The Soldier's Danger, and the Prince's Care,  
And envy any Arm an equal Share.  
Set all that's dear to Men before your Sight,  
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we Fight;

To

234 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

To save your Wives from Rape, your Towns from  
Flame,

Redeem your Country sold, and vindicate her  
Name :

At whose Request, and timely Call I rose,  
To tempt my Fate, and all my Hopes expose;  
Strugled with adverse Storms, and Winter-Seas,  
That in my Labours you might find your Ease.  
Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,  
And write the empty Triumphs of their War,  
In lazy Palaces, supinely Rust;  
My Sword shall justify my People's Trust.  
For which —— But I your Victory delay;  
Come on, I, and my Genius lead the way.

He said. New Life and Joy ran thro' the Host,  
And sense of Danger in their Wonder lost;  
Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,  
In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men withstood.  
The

*An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.* 235

The KING leads on, the KING does all inflame,  
The KING—and carries Millions in the Name.

As when the swelling Ocean bursts his Bounds,  
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighb'ring  
Grounds,

The roaring Deluge, rushing headlong on,  
Sweeps Cities in its Course, and bears whole Fo-  
rests down ;

So on the Foe the firm Battalions prest,  
And, He, like the Tenth Wave drove on the rest ;  
Fierce, Gallant, Young, He shot thro' ev'ry Place,  
Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace,  
He hung upon their rear or lightned in their face.

Stop! Stop! brave Prince ! Alay that Gen'rous  
Flame,

Enough is given to *England*, and to Fame.  
Remember, Sir, you in the Center stand,  
*Europe's* divided Int'rests you Command,  
All their Designs uniting in your Hand :

Down

236 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

Down from your Throne descends the Golden  
Chain,

Which does the Fabrick of our World sustain;  
That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,  
The Scheme of all our Happiness is broke.

Stop! Stop! brave Prince! Fleets may repair  
again,

And routed Armies rally on the Plain,

But Ages are requir'd to raise so great a Man!

Hear how the Waves of *French* Ambition roar,  
Disdaining Bounds, and breaking on the Shore,

Which you ordain'd to curb their wild destru-  
ctive Pow'r;

That Strength remov'd; Again, Again they flow,  
Lay *Europe* waste, nor Laws, nor Limits know.

Stop! Stop! brave Prince! What does your  
Muse, Sir, faint?

Proceed, Pursue his Conquests——Faith, I can't:

My

My Spirits sink, and will no longer bear ;

Rapture and Fury carry'd me thus far.

Transported and Amaz'd.

That Rage once spent, I can no more sustain

Your Flights, your Energies, and Tragic Strain,

But fall back to my Nat'ral Pace again ;

In humble Verse, provoking you to Rhime,

I wish there were more *Dorsets* at this time.

Oh ! if in *France* this Hero had been Born ;

What glittering Tinsel would His Acts Adorn ?

There 'tis immortal Fame, and high Renown,

To steal a Country, and to buy a Town :

There Triumphs are o'r Kings and Kingdoms sold,

And Captive Virtue led in Chains of Gold.

If Courage cou'd, like Courts be kept in Pay,

What Sums wou'd *Louis* give, that *France*  
might say,

That Victory follow'd, where he led the way ?

He all his Conquests wou'd for this refund,

And take th' Equivalent, a Glorious Wound.

Then

238 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

Then, what Advice to spread his real Fame,  
Wou'd pass between *Versailles* and *No'tredame*?  
Their Plays, their Songs, would dwell upon his  
Wound,

And Opera's repeat no other Sound ;  
*Boyne* wou'd for Ages, be the Painter's Theam,  
The *Goblin's* Labour, and the Poets Dream ;  
The wounded Arm wou'd furnish all their Rooms,  
And bleed for ever Scarlet in the Looms :  
*Boileau* with this wou'd Plume his Artful Pen,  
And can your Muse be silent? Think agen.

Spare your Advice ; And since you have  
begun

Finish your own Design, the Work is done.

Done ! Nothing's Done, Not the Dead Colours  
laid,

And the most Glorious Scenes stand undisplay'd.  
A Thousand Gen'rous Actions close the Rear ;  
A Thousand Virtues, still behind, stand crouding  
to appear. . . . . The

The QUEEN her self, the charming QUEEN  
Should Grace

The Noble Piece, and, in an Artful Place,  
Softens War's Horror with her lovely Face.

Who can omit the QUEEN's auspicious Smile,  
The Pride of the Fair Sex, the Goddess of our Ill  
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,  
Her Fears for Him, her Prudence for the State?  
Dissembling Cares, she smooth'd her Looks with  
Grace,

Doubts in her Heart, and Pleasure in her Face.

As danger did approach, her Spirits rose,  
And, putting on the King, dismay'd his Foes.

Now, all in Joy, she Gilds the chearful Court,  
In ev'ry Glance descending Angels sport.

As on the Hills of *Cynthus*, or the Meads  
Of cool *Eurotas*, when *Diana* leads

The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance  
A Thousand shining Maids, and form the Dance:

The

240 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

The stately Goddess with a Graceful Pride,  
Sweet and Majestick, does the Figure guide;  
Treading in just and easie Measures round  
(The Silver Arrows on her Shoulders found)  
She walks above them All. Such is the Scene  
Of the Bright Circle, and the Brighter QUEEN.

These Subjects do, my Lord, your Skill Com-  
mand,

These none may touch with an unhallow'd Hand;  
Tender the Strokes must be, and nicely Writ, }  
Disguis'd Encomiums must be hid in Wit, }  
Which Modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit; }  
Who made no other steps to such a Throne,  
But to Deserve, and to receive the Crown.

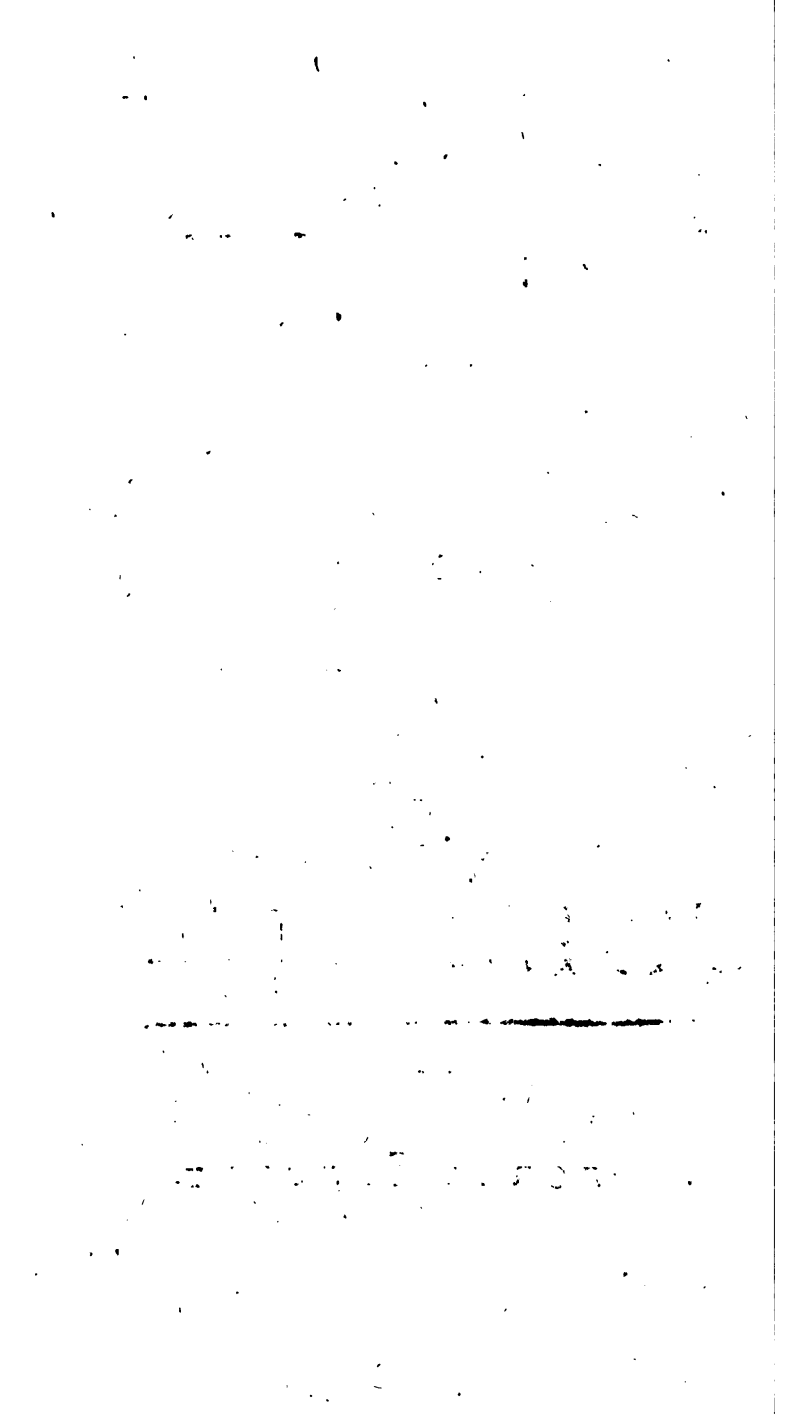
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AN  
EPISTLE  
TO  
*Charles Mountague Esq;*  
ON  
His MAJESTY'S  
VOYAGE  
TO  
HOLLAND.

---

BY  
Mr. GEORGE STEPNEY.



A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O

*Charles Mountague Esq;*

SIR,

**S** Ince you oft invite me to renew  
An Art I've either lost, or never knew,  
Pleas'd my past Follies kindly to commend,  
And fondly lose the Critick in the Friend;  
Tho' my warm Youth untimely be decay'd,  
From Grave to Dull insensibly betray'd,  
I'll contradict the Humour of the Times,  
(Inclin'd to Bus'ness, and averse to Rhimes)  
And to obey the Man I love, in spite  
Of the World's Genius, and my own, I'll Write.

244 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

But think not that I vainly do aspire  
To Rival what I only wou'd Admire,  
The Heat and Beauty of your Manly Thought,  
And Force like that with which your Heroe  
fought.

Like *Sampson's* Riddle is that powerful Song,  
Sweet as the Honey, as the Lion strong;  
The Colours there so Artfully are laid,  
They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade;  
But shall of Writing a just Model give,  
While *Boyne* shall flow, and *William's* Glory live.

Yet since his ev'ry A&t may well infuse  
Some happy Rapture in the humblest Muse,  
Tho' mine despairs to reach the wondrous  
height,  
She prunes her Pinnions, eager of the flight;  
The *King's* the Theme, and I've a *Subject's* Right.  
When *William's* Deeds, and rescu'd *Europe's* Joy  
Do ev'ry Tongue and ev'ry Pen employ,

'Tis

*An Epistle to C. Mountague, Esq;* 245

'Tis to think Treason sure to shew no Zeal,  
And not to Write, is almost to Rebel.

Let *Albion* then forgive her Meanest Son,  
Who wou'd continue what her Best begun;  
Who, leaving Conquests, and the Pomp of War,  
Wou'd sing the Pious King's divided Care;  
How eagerly he flew when *Europe's* Fate  
Did for the Seed of future Actions wait;  
And how two Nations did with Transport boast  
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the Victor most:  
How joyful *Belgia* gratefully prepar'd  
Trophies and Vows for her returning Lord;  
How the Fair *Isle* with rival Passion strove,  
How by her Sorrow she exprest her Love,  
When he withdrew from what his Arm had  
free'd,  
And how she Blest his way, yet sigh'd, and said,

Is it decree'd my Heroe ne'er shall Rest,  
Ne're be of me, and I of him possess?

246 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*  
Scarce had I met his Virtue with my Throne,  
(By Right, by Merit, and by Arms his own)  
But *Ireland's* freedom, and the Wars alarms  
Call'd him from me and his *Maria's* Charms.

Oh gen'rous Prince! too prodigally kind,  
Can the diffusive Goodness of your Mind  
Be in no bounds, but of the World confin'd? }  
Shou'd sinking Nations summon you away,  
*Maria's* Love might justify your stay.

Imperfectly the many Vows are paid,  
Which for your Safety to the Gods were made,  
While on the *Boyne* they labour'd to out-do  
Your Zeal for *Albion* by their Care for You;  
When too impatient of a Glorious Ease,  
You tempt new Dangers on the Winter Seas.  
The *Belgick State* has rested long secure  
Within the Circle of thy Guardian Power;  
Rear'd by thy Care that noble *Lion*, grown  
Mature in strength, can range the Woods alone:

When

*An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;* 247

When to my Arms they did the Prince resign,  
I Blest the Change, and thought him wholly mine;  
Conceiv'd long Hopes I jointly shou'd obey  
His stronger, and *Maria's* gentle Sway,  
He fierce as Thunder, she as Lightning bright;  
One my Defence, and t'other my Delight.  
Yet go—where Honour calls the Heroe, go;  
Nor let your Eyes behold how mine do flow;  
Go, meet your Country's Joy, your Virtue's Due,  
Receive their Triumphs, and prepare for new;  
Enlarge my Empire, and let *France* afford  
The next large Harvest to thy prosp'rous Sword;  
Again, in *Crecy* let my Arms be rear'd,  
And o'er the Continent *Britania* feard;  
While under *Mary's* Tutelary Care,  
Far from the Danger, or the Noise of War,  
In Honourable Pleasure I possess  
The Spoils of Conquest, and the Charms of Peace.  
As the *Great Lamp* by which the Globe is Blest,  
Constant in Toil, and Ignorant of Rest,

248 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*  
Thro' different Regions does his Course pursue,  
And leaves one World but to revive a new;  
While, by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night  
Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light:  
So when your Beams do distant Nations cheer  
The Partner of your Crown shall mount the Sphere,  
Able alone my Empire to sustain,  
And carry on the Glories of thy Reign—  
But why has Fate maliciously decreed,  
That greatest Blessings, must by turns succeed?

Here she relented, and would urge his Stay  
By all that Fondness, and that Grief could say;  
But soon did her presaging Thoughts employ  
On Scenes of Triumphs and returning Joy:  
Thus, like the Tide, while her unconstant Breast  
Was swell'd with Rapture, by Despair depress'd,  
Fate call'd; The Heroe must his way pursue,  
And her Cries lessen'd as the Shore withdrew.



The Winds were silent, and the *Gentle Main*  
Bore an Auspicious *Omen* of his Reign,  
When *Neptune*, owning whom those Seas obey,  
Nodded, and bad the chearful *Frisians* play,  
Each chose a different Subject for their Lays,  
But *Orange* was the burthen of their Praise:  
Some in their Strains up to the Fountain run,  
From whence this Stream of Virtue first begun;  
Others chose Heroes of a latter Date,  
And sung the \* *Founder* of the neighb'ring State,  
How daringly he Tyranny withstood,  
And Seal'd his Country's freedom with his Blood.  
Then to the two Illustrious † *Brethren* came,  
The Glorious Rivals of their Father's Fame:  
And to the \* *Youth*, whose pregnant Hopes out-ran  
The steps of Time, and early shew'd the Man,

---

\* *William.*

† *Maurice and Henry.*

*William.*

258 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

For whose Alliance Monarchs did contend,  
And gave a Daughter to secure a Friend.  
But as, by Nature's Law the *Phoenix* dies,  
That from its Urn a Nobler Bird may rise,  
So Fate ordain'd the Parent soon shou'd set  
To make the Glories of *\*his Heir* complete.

At *William's* Name each fill'd his vocal Shell,  
And on the happy Sound rejoic'd to dwell;  
Some sung his Birth, and how discerning Fate  
Sav'd Infant Virtue against powerful Hate;  
Of pois'nous Snakes, by young *Alcides* quell'd,  
And *Palms* that spread the more, the more withheld.

Some sung *Seneffe*, and early Wonders done  
By the bold Youth, Himself a War alone;

---

\* *His present Majesty.*

*An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;* 251

And how his firmer Courage did oppose  
His Country's foreign and intestine Foes,  
The *Lion* He, who held their Arrows close.  
Others sung *Perseus*, and the injur'd Maid,  
Redeem'd by the wing'd Warrior's timely Aid;  
Or in mysterious Numbers did unfold  
Sad modern Truths wrapt up in Tales of old;  
How *Saturn*, flush'd with Arbitrary Power,  
Design'd his lawful Issue to devour,  
But *Jove*, (reserv'd for better Fate) withstood  
The black Contrivance of the doating God;  
With Arms he came, His guilty Father fled,  
(Twas *Italy* secur'd his frightened Head)  
And by His Flight resign'd his empty Throne  
And Tripple Empire to his Worthier Son.

Then in one Note their Artful Force they join  
Eager to reach the *Victor* and the *Boyne*;

How

252 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

How on the wond'ring Bank the Heroe stood,  
Lavishly Bold and desperately Good ;  
Till Fate, designing to convince the Brave  
That they can dare no more than Heav'n can save,  
Let Death approach, and yet withheld the sting,  
Wounded the *Man*, distinguishing the *King*.

They had enlarg'd, but found the Strain too  
strong,

And in soft Notes allay'd the bolder Song :  
Flow, gentle *Boyne*, (they cry'd and round thy Bed  
For ever may victorious Wreaths be spread ;  
No more may Travellers desire to know  
Where *Simois* and *Granicus* did flow ;  
Nor *Rubicon*, a poor forgotten Stream,  
Be, or the Soldiers Rant, or Poet's Theme ;  
All Waters shall unite their Fame in Thee,  
Lost in thy Waves as those are in the Sea.

They Breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er ;  
And begg'd thick Mists long to conceal the Shore ;

Smooth

Smooth was the Liquid Plain; the sleeping Wind;  
More to the Sea, than to its Master, kind,  
Detain'd a Treasure, which we value more  
Than All the Deep e'er hid, or Waters bore.  
But He, with a Superiour Genius born,  
Treats Chance with Insolence, and Death with  
Scorn;

Darkness and Ice in vain obstruct his way,  
*Holland* is near, and *Nature* must Obey;  
Charg'd with our Hopes the Boat securely rode,  
For *Cæsar* and his *Fortune* were the Load.

With eager Transport *Belgia* met her Son,  
Yet trembling for the danger He had run;  
Till certain of her Joy, she bow'd her Head,  
Confest her Lord, Blest his Return, and said,

If Passion by long Absence does improve,  
And makes that Rapture which before was Love,  
Think on my old, my intermitted Bliss,  
And by my former Pleasure measure this;

Not

254 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

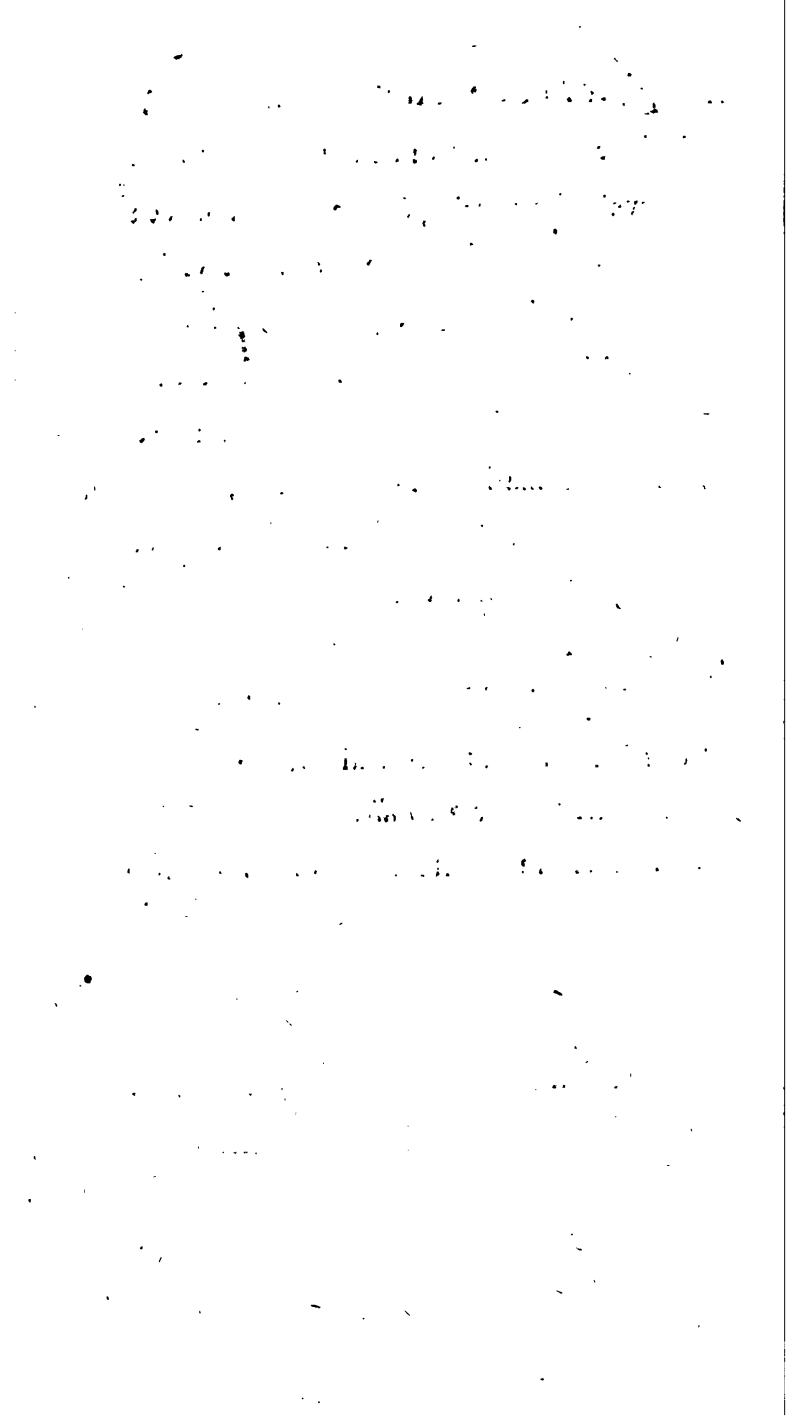
Not by these feeble Pillars which I raise,  
Unequal to sustain the Heroe's praise,  
Too faint the Colours, and too mean the Art  
To represent Your Glories, or my Heart:  
These humble Emblems are design'd to show,  
Not how we wou'd Reward, but what we Owe.  
Here from your Childhood take a short Review,  
How *Holland's* Happiness advanc'd with you;  
How her stout Vessel did in Triumph ride,  
And mock'd the Storms, while *Orange* was her  
Guide.

What since has been our Fate—I need not say,  
(Ill suiting with the Blessings of the day.)  
Our better Fortune with our Prince was gone;  
Conquest was only there where He led on.  
Like the *Palladium*, wheresoe'er You go,  
You turn all Death and Danger on the Foe.  
In You we but too sadly understood  
How Angels have their *Spheres* of doing Good;

*An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;* 255

Else the same Soul which did Your Troops possess,  
And Crown'd their daring Courage with Success,  
Had taught our Fleet to triumph o'er the Main,  
And *Fleurus* had been still a guiltless Plain.  
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an Arm and Mind  
Like Yours, shou'd be to time and place confin'd?  
But Thy return shall fix our kinder fate,  
For Thee our Councils, Thee our Armies wait;  
Discording Princes shall with Thee combine,  
And center all their Interests in Thine,  
Proud of Thy Friendship, shall forego their Sway,  
As *Rome* Her great Dictator did obey;  
And all united make a *Gordian* knot,  
Which neither Craft shall loose, nor Force shall cut.

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A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O

*Monsieur Boileau.*

Inviting his MUSE to forsake the

*FRENCH INTEREST,*

And CELEBRATE the

KING of *ENGLAND.*

---

*By Edmund Arwaker.*

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A N

## E P I S T L E

T O

*Monfieur Boileau.*

**T**OO long, Great Man, thy Muse has try'd  
in vain

Thy Monarch's sinking Credit to sustain;

*And thou too long haft mis-employ'd thy Pen,*

*To make the worst appear the best of Men;*

*A sullied Fame to brighten and refine,*

*That never did with real Lustre shine.*

While, as one, flatter'd by too fair a Glass,

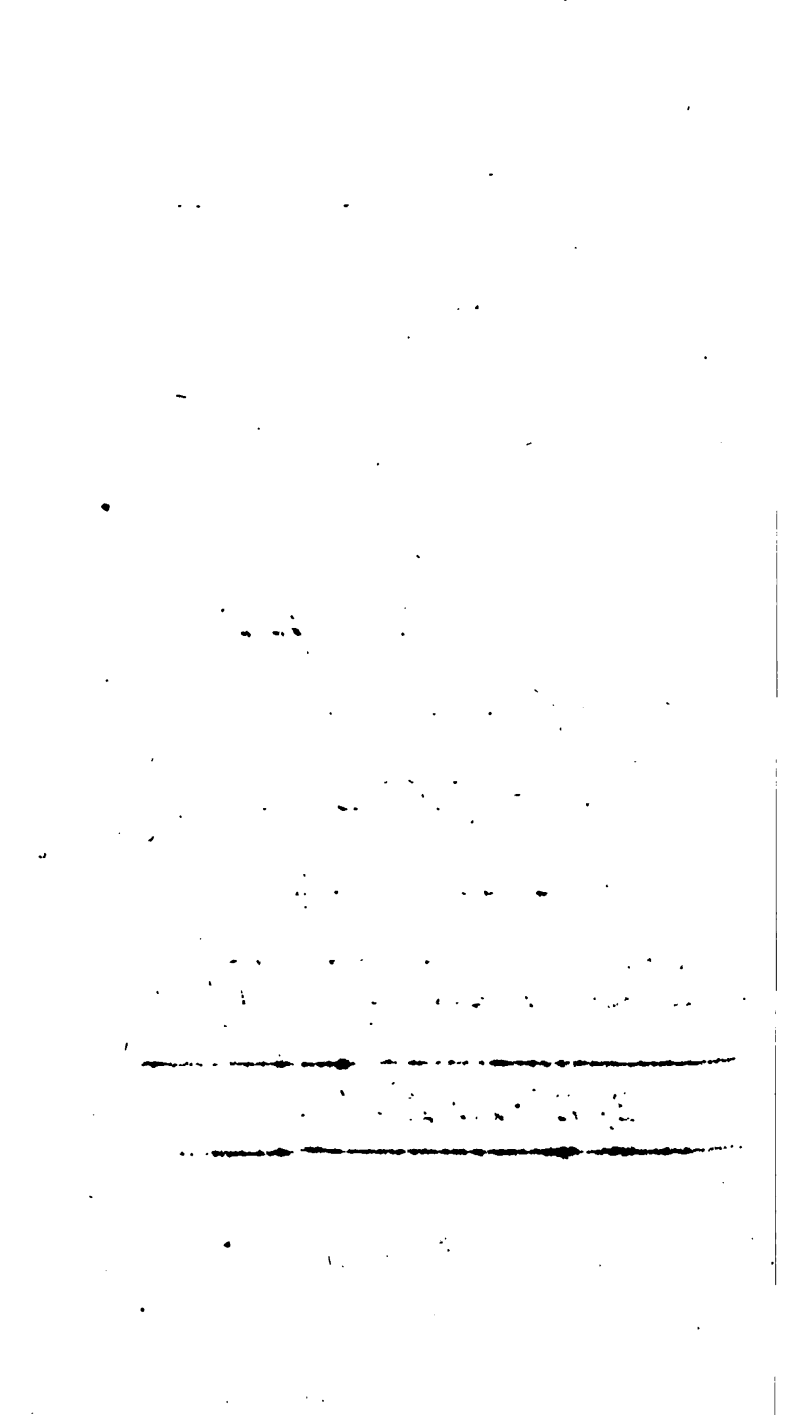
Views but the wanted Beauties of his Face;

So *Lewis*, in thy lofty Praise, does see

Not what he is, but what he wants to be.

And he must all his boasted Glories own,

Not from himself deriv'd, but thee alone;



A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O

*Monfieur Boileau.*

**T**OO long, Great Man, thy Muse has try'd  
in vain  
Thy Monarch's sinking Credit to sustain;  
And thou too long hast mis-employ'd thy Pen,  
To make the *worst* appear the *best* of Men;  
A sullied Fame to brighten and refine,  
That never did with real Lustre shine.  
While, as one, flatter'd by too fair a Glass,  
Views but the wanted Beauties of his Face;  
So *Lewis*, in thy lofty Praise, does see  
Not what he is, but what he wants to be.  
And he must all his boasted Glories own,  
Not from himself deriv'd, but thee alone;

260 *An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.*

Whose Muse so well does his mean Deeds rehearse,  
That he becomes Immortal in thy Verse;  
But to thy Verse no lasting Fame can give,  
In recompence for what he does receive.

Leave, leave him then to raise his own Renown,  
And win the Laurels that his Temples Crown;  
A better Cause, and Nobler Subject chuse,  
That may inspire, as it employs, thy Muse;  
May with thy elevated Sense agree,  
And copious as thy boundless Fancy be;  
A Heroe, whose bright Fame may gild thy Bays,  
And more thy Name, than thou his Glory raise.

See, see, his Conq'ring Sword Great Nations  
draws;

Not poorly Bribes, but Merits thy applause:  
His brave Exploits afford thy Muse a Theme  
Equal to that, as that is worthy them.  
The Titles he, in Fame's Records does hold,  
Are purchas'd by his Valour, not his Gold.

*An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.* 261

He owes his Glory to Himself alone,  
And Acquisition makes it all his own.

Whilst *Lewis* rarely does in Arms appear,  
Nor then to Fight, but follow in the Rear:  
Our *Monarch* charging in the Front we see;  
None more Expos'd, none less Concern'd than He  
Who lets his Soldiers on no Dangers go,  
But what, as he Commands, he Leads them to:  
Thus, taught by his Example to obey,  
They bravely follow, as he shews the way.

Not so, your King; he still declines the Fight,  
Nor shuns the Danger only, but its Sight;  
Yet with unmerited Success grown vain,  
He boasts of Conquests he did never gain.  
His Breaches were from Golden Batt'ries made,  
And our lost Towns not taken, but betray'd.  
Thus when some Place by Purchase is made sure,  
His Person, and his Honour too, secure;

262 *An Epistle to Monsieur Bonneau.*

Then the Triumphant Monarch takes the Field,  
And gains the Town that waited so to yield.  
This makes him with affected Greatness swell,  
And boast his Arms as irresistible;  
His Arches are by such Achievements rear'd:  
Thus *Lewis* Fights, and thus is to be Fear'd.

But since he finds the Scene is alter'd now,  
And that his Treasure, as his Courage, low,  
Will not the old prevailing Means afford,  
That more enlarg'd his Conquests, than his Sword,  
He forms no hopeless Siege, makes no Campaign,  
From which he knows he shall no Honour gain:  
But to the Field has wisely sent his Son,  
To bear the blame of losing what he won;  
For all the Conquest he this Year can boast,  
Is that in Running, his Success was most:  
While *Huy's* reduc'd to serve its Native Lord;  
Not as 'twas lost, but storm'd with Fire and Sword;

Which



*An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.* 263

Which proves as irresistib!e a Pow'r  
In *English* Courage, as *French* Gold before;  
And that our *KING* all Conquest does despise,  
Which any Price but glorious Danger buys.

Now the *French* Army, whose Renown we knew  
More to its Numbers than its Brav'ry due;  
Equall'd in Strength, in Valour is out-done,  
And while *Huy* falls, stands tamely looking on;  
So by Great *William's* Conqu'ring Arms dismay'd,  
The Generals durst not venture to its Aid;  
Happy they could their own Intrenchments keep,  
Though dug, to suit their low-sunk Spirits, deep,  
Yet scarce they lost their Apprehension there,  
Nor as from Danger, were secur'd from Fear,  
Till they, for greater Safety, left the Place,  
Not loaden now with Trophies, but Disgrace;  
Such Conquests *Lewis* this Campaign has won,  
Such Triumphs Fate decreed his Glorious Son,

264 *An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau,*

But since no Honours from the barren Field  
He reaps, what Laurels did the Ocean yield?  
That sure his ruin'd Credit will repair,  
And own his long-pretended Power there.  
But as if both the Elements agreed  
From his Usurp'd Dominion to be freed,  
The Sea no longer Tribute does afford,  
But justly pays it to the Ancient Lord;  
Whose conqu'ring Fleets assert their Native Right,  
While the *French* Navy shuns the dreaded Sight,  
And sees it self in its own Ports confin'd,  
By Fear more pow'rful than an adverse Wind.  
So when the scaly Sov'reign of the Seas,  
Himself within his liquid Realm does please,  
And with swift Finns ranges the Briny Flood;  
To take his pastime there, or seek his Food;  
His frighted Vassals hide their shining Heads  
In the kind Covert of concealing Weeds.

Our floating Squadrons now their Right regain,  
And unobstructed wanton through the Main,

Insult

*An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.* 265

Insult the *Gallick* Coasts, and their just Rage  
With Sacrifice of flaming Towns assuage:  
Whose Sable Smoak, ascending to the Sky,  
Mourns for the Structures that in Ashes ly,  
While strange Confusion spread along the Shore,  
Makes *England's* Power Rever'd as heretofore.

Nor does one Fleet alone her Fame advance;  
The Joys in *Spain* equal the Fears in *France*.  
And *Barcellona* all Attempts defies,  
While on our *Monarch's* Succour she relies,  
And shelter'd by his Navy's spreading Wings,  
She triumphs in the sure Defence it brings.  
Thus *Spain*, by our *Elisa* shook before,  
Is now supported by great *William's* Pow'r.  
Then in his Praises let fam'd *Boileau* join,  
And to his Side, like Victory, incline:  
Whose daring Soul, and ever-conqu'ring Sword  
Will endless Matter for thy Verse afford:

But

266 *An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.*

But if thou wilt a servile Labour chuse,  
Where *Arbitrary Pow'r* enslaves thy Muse;  
And dost thy Thoughts to narrow Bounds confine,  
Which Heav'n for boundless Subjects did design:  
Know, our sam'd Prince can his own Trophies raise,  
And courts as little as he wants thy Praise.  
Nor, if such Means his Glory could advance,  
Wou'd he have need to be oblig'd to *France*;  
Since his own Realms abound with Men of Sence,  
And famous for Poetick Excellence.  
Whose lofty Verse your humble Strain exceeds,  
As much as his your meaner Patron's Deeds.  
Witness the Muse that first in Songs Divine,  
Describ'd his Fight and Conquest at the *Boyne*.  
That which most pleas'd, was difficult to tell,  
The Field so bravely won, or sung so well.  
Witness that happy Pen that did relate  
His Glorious Voyage to the *Belgick* State;  
And gave the World a Proof with how much Fire  
Our Poets Write, when them our Kings inspire.

But

*An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.* 267

But our Great Monarch's Praises should no more,  
Than his large Soul be bounded by our Shore;  
Far as his Victories, his spreading Fame should  
found

And be in every Tongue, as every Land Renown'd;  
Then *Boileau*, let thy Muse begin her lofty Flight,  
Tho she must still despair to reach the wondrous  
Height.

---

A N

## O D E

In Memory of Her Majesty  
Queen *MARY*.

---

*By a Person of Quality.*

---



---

*Poema*  
*Est Pictura loquens.*

---

I.

**L**ong our divided State  
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,  
When One bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds  
dispell'd,

And

*An ODE in Memory of the Queen.* 269

And all the Griefs of *Albion* Heal'd.

Her the United Land Obey'd,

No more to Jealousies inclin'd,

Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.

She knew her Task, and nicely understood

To what Intention Kings are made,

Not for their own, but for their Peoples good :

'Twas that prevailing Argument alone,

Determin'd Her to fill the vacant Throne.

And yet with Sadness she beheld

A Crown devolving on her Head,

(By the Excesses of a Prince mislead )

When by her Royal Birth compell'd

To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,

(Tho' by a Servile Faction blam'd)

How graceful were the Tears she shed !

## I I.

When waiting only for a Wind,  
Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was Arm'd;  
Here Ruling Arts in all their Lustre shin'd;  
The Winds themselves were by her Influence  
Charm'd:

Whilst Her Authority and Care supply'd  
That Safety which the want of Troops deny'd,  
Secure and undistur'd the Scene  
Of *Albion* seem'd, and like Her Eyes, Serene:  
Vain was th'Invader's Force, Revenge, and, Pride;  
*Maria* Reign'd, and Heav'n was on our side:

The Sceptre, by Her Self unsought,  
Gave double Proofs of Her Heroick Mind;  
With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd;  
So the Dictator, from Retirement brought,  
Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* Alarm;  
And then return'd contented to his Farm.



I I I.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,  
Accurst Disease, how long  
Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,  
Rob'd of the Hopes and Comfort of their Age?  
From the Unhappy Lover's side  
How often hast thou torn the Blooming Bride!  
Now like a Tyrant, rising by degrees  
To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies,  
Practis'd in Ruine for some \* Ages past,  
Thou hast brought forth a Gen'ral one at last!  
Common Disasters Sorrow raise,  
But Heav'ns severest Frowns amaze!  
The QUEEN———a Word, a Sound,  
Of Nations once the Hope, and firm Support,  
Wealth of the needy, Guard of the Opprest,  
The Joy of All, the Wisest and the Best;  
A Name that Ecchoes did rebound

---

*\*The Small Pox is said to have Reign'd in England about 250 Years,*

272     *An ODE in Memory of*  
With loud Applause from Neighb'ring Shores  
( Their Admiration, the Delight of Ours)

Becoms Unutterable now!

The Crowds in that defected Court  
Where languishing *MARIA* lay,  
Want Pow'r to ask the News they came to know,  
Silent their prooping Heads they bow;  
Silence it self proclaims th' approaching Woe:  
Ev'en He (*MARIA*'s last Care)  
Whom Winter Seasons nor \*Contending Force,  
Nor watchful Fleets cold from his Glorious purpose move,  
Intrepid in the Storms of War,  
And in the midst of flying Deaths sedate,  
Now Trembles, now He sinks beneath the mighty  
Weight,  
The Heroe to the Man gives way.

---

*Foul Weather.*

IV.

Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey  
To fierce Dissention, or Despotick Sway,  
Redem'd from Anarchy to be Undone  
By the mistaken Measures of the Throne;  
Thy Monarchs meditating dark Designs,  
Or boldly throwing off the Masque,  
(Fond of the Pow'r, unequal to the Task)  
Thy self without the least remaining signs  
Of Ancient Virtue, so deprav'd,  
As ev'n they wish'd to be Enslav'd,  
What more than Humane Aid  
Cold raise Thee from a State so low,  
Protect Thee from thy Self, thy greatest Foe?  
Something Cælestial sure, a Heroine  
Of Matchless Form and a Majestick Mien;  
By all Respected, Fear'd, but more Belov'd,  
More than Her Laws, Her great Example mov'd;

274 *An ODE in Memory of, &c.*

The Bounds that in Her God-like Mind  
Were to Her Passions set, severely shin'd,  
But that of doing Good was Unconfir'd.

So Just, that absolute Command,  
Destructive in another Hand,  
In Hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful  
made.

Oh! Had She longer staid!  
Less swiftly to Her Native Heav'n retir'd,  
For Her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung;  
Th' Harmonious Nine could never have aspir'd  
To a more Lofly and Immortal Song.

ON THE  
*Late Horrid Conspiracy.*

By Mr. STEPHEN.

THE \* Youth whose Fortune the vast Globe  
 obey'd,  
 Finding his † Royal Enemy betray'd,  
 And in his Chariot by || vile Hands oppress'd,  
 With Noble Pity, and just Rage possess'd,  
 Wept at his Fall from so sublime a State,  
 And by the Traytor's Death reveng'd the Fate  
 Of Majesty prophan'd——So acted too  
 The gen'rous *Cesar*, when the *Roman* knew  
 A\* Coward King had treacherously slain  
 † Whom scarce He foil'd on the *Pharſalian* Plain.

\* *Alexander.* † *Darius.* || *B.ſſus,* \* *Ptolemy.* † *Pompey.*

276 *On the late Horrid Conspiracy.*

The Doom of his Fam'd Rival he bemoan'd,  
And the base Author of the Crime dethron'd.  
Such were the virtuous Maxims of the Great,  
Free from the servile Arts of barb'rous Hate:  
They knew no Foe, but in the open Field,  
And to their Cause and to the Gods appeal'd.  
So *WILLIAM* Acts——And if his Rivals dare  
Dispute his Reign by Arms; He'll meet 'em there  
Where *Jove*, as once on *Ida*, holds the Scale,  
And lets the Good, the Just, and Brave, prevail.

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# PROLOGUE

*To Oroonoko.*

---

*By an Unknown Hand.*

---

**A**S when in Hostile times two Neighb'ring  
States,

Strive by themselves and their Confederates;

The War at first is made with awkward Skill,

And Soldiers clumsily each other kill;

Till Time at length their untaught Fury tames,

And into Rules, their heedless Rage reclaims,

Then every Science by degrees is made

Subservient to the main destroying Trade:

Wit, Wisdom, Reading, Observation, Art,

A well turn'd Head to guide a generous Heart.

So it may prove with our contending Stages,  
If you will kindly but supply their Wages:  
Which you with ease may furnish by retrenching  
Your Superfluities of Wine and Wenching.  
Who'd grudge to spare from Riot, and hard  
Drinking,  
To lay it out on means to mend his Thinking?  
To follow such Advice, you shou'd have leisure,  
Since what refines your Sense, refines your Pleasure.  
Women grown tame by use, each Fool can get;  
But Cuckolds all are made by Men of Wit:  
To Virgin Favours Fools have no pretence;  
For Maidenheads were made for Men of Sense.  
'Tis not enough to have a Horse well bred,  
To shew his Mettle, he must be well fed.  
A Favour'd Poet, like a pamper'd Horse,  
Will strain his Eye-balls out to win the Course.  
Do you but in your Wisdom Vote it fit  
To yield due Succours to this War of Wit,



The Buskin with more Grace shall tread the  
Stage,

Love sigh in softer strains, Heroes less Rage.

*Satyr* shall show a Tripple row of Teeth,

And Comedy shall laugh your Fops to death.

Wit shall refine, and *Pegasus* shall foam,

And soar in search of Ancient Greece and Rome.

And since the Nation's in the Conqu'ring Fit,

As you by Arms, we'll vanquish *France* by Wit.

The Work were over cou'd our Poets Write,

With half the Spirit that our Soldiers fight.

# EPILOGUE.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

**Y**OU see we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and  
Arts,

To tempt your Favours, and regain your Hearts  
We Weep and Laugh, join Mirth and Grief to-  
gether,

Like Rain and Sun-shine mixt in *April* Wea-  
ther.

Your different Tasts divide our Poets Cares;  
One foot the Sock, t'other the Buskin wears:

Thus

## EPILOGUE. 281

Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,  
*Volcins-like* Hip-Hop in a single Boot.

Criticks, he knows, for this may Damn his Books,  
But he makes Feasts for Friends, and not for Cooks.

Tho' Errant Knights of late no favour find,  
Sure you will be to Ladies Errant kind.

To follow Fame Knights Errant make Profession

We Damsels fly to save our Reputation:

So they their Valour shew, we our Discretion.

To Lands of Monsters and fierce Beasts they go,

We to those Islands where rich Husbands grow;

Tho' they're no Monsters, we may make 'em so.

If they're of *English* growth, they'll bear with  
Patience:

But save us from a Spouse of *Oroonoko's* Nations.

Then Bless your Stars, you happy *London*  
Wives,

Who love at large each day, yet keep your  
Lives;

Nor

Not envy poor *Iminda's* doating Blindness,  
 Who thought her Husband kill'd her out of  
 Kindness:

Death with a Husband ne'er had shewn such  
 Charms,

As she once Dy'd within a Lover's Arms.

Her Errour was from Ignorance proceeding,  
 Poor Soul, she wanted some of our Town Breed-  
 ing.

Forgive this *Indian's* fondness of her Spouse;

Their Law no Christian Liberty allows:

Alas! they make a Conscience of their Vows.

If Virtue in a Heathen be a fault,

Then Damn the Heathen-School where she was  
 taught.

She might have learnt to Cuckold, Jilt, and Sham,

Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

SONG.

## SONG

By Sir George Etherege.

**T**ELL me no more you Love; in vain,  
 Fair *Celia*, You this Passion feign;  
 Can they pretend to Love who do  
 Refuse what Love perswades them to?  
 Who once has felt his active Flame,  
 Dull Laws of Honour will disdain;  
 You wou'd be thought his Slave, and yet  
 You will not to his Pow'er submit.  
 More Cruel then those Beauties are,  
 Whose Coyness wounds us to despair;  
 For all the Kindness which you shew,  
 Each Smile and Kiss which you bestow,

Are

Are like those Cordials which we give  
To Dying Men, to make them Live,  
 And Languish out an Hour in pain:  
 Be Kinder, *Celia*, or Disdain.

---

To Her EXCELLENCE, the

**MARCHIONESS**

O F

**NEWCASTLE,**

After the Reading of Her Incomparable

**P O E M S.**

---

*By the same Author.*

---

*Madam,*

**W**ith so much Wonder we are struck,  
 When we begin to Read your Match-  
 less Book;

A while your own Excess of Merit stays  
 Our forward Pens, and does suspend your Praise,  
 Till

286 *To the Marchioness of Newcastle,*  
Till Time our Minds does gently recompile,  
Allays this Wonder, and our Duty shews,  
Instructs us how your Virtues to proclaim,  
And what we ought to pay to your Great Fame;  
Your Fame, which in your Country has no  
Bounds,  
But wheresoever Learning's known, resounds.

Those Graces Nature did till now divide;  
Your Sexes Glory, and our Sexes Pride,  
Are join'd in you, and all to you submit,  
The brightest Beauty, and the sharpest Wit.  
No Faction here, or fiery Envy sways,  
They give you Myrtle, while we offer Bays.  
What Mortal dares dispute those Wreaths with  
You,  
Arm'd thus with Light'ning, and with Thunder  
too?

This



*Upon her Incomparable Poems.* 1287

This made the Great *Newcastle's* Heart your  
Prize;

Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious Eyes,  
Had only Pow'r his Martial Mind to tame,

And raise in his Heroick Breast a Flame;

A Flame, which with his Courage still aspires,

As if Immortal Fuel fed those Fires:

This mighty Chief, and your Great Self made  
One,

Together the same Race of Glory run;

Together in the Wings of Fame you move,

Like yours, his Virtue: And like yours, his  
Love.

While we your Praise endeav'ring to rehearse,

Pay that Great Duty in our Humble Verse;

Such as justly move your Anger, You,

Like Heaven, forgive them, and accept them  
too.

But

**288 To the Marchionefs of Newcastle, &c.**

But what we cannot, your brave Heroe pays,  
He Builds those Monuments we strive to Raife:  
Such as to After-Ages shall make known,  
While he Records your Deathlefs Fame, his own.  
So when an Artift fome rare Beauty draws,  
Both in our Wonder fhare, and our Applaufe:  
His Skill from Time fecures the Glorious Dame,  
And makes himfelf Immortal in her Fame.

---

**EPILOGUE.**

---



---

EPILOGUE  
TO  
TARTUFFE,

Spoken by Himself.

---

*By a Person of Honour.*

---

**M**Any have been the vain Attempts of Wit  
Against the still prevailing Hypocrite;  
Once, and but once, a Poet got the day,  
And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play;  
But *Busie* rallying, Arm'd with Zeal and Rage,  
Possess the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.  
To laugh at *English* Knaves is dangerous then,  
While *English* Fools will think them Honest Men

U

Bu:

But sure no zealous Brother can deny us  
Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.

A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,  
There are Damn'd Rogues among the *French* and  
*Papist*,

That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,  
That Belch and Snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;  
That use t'enjoy the Creature, to express  
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;

And in a decent way perform them too,  
As well, nay better far, alas, than you;

Whose Fleshly Failings are but Fornication,  
We Godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation,  
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation. }

Zeal stands but Cent'ry at the Gate of Sin,  
Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in  
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,  
You march, and take Damnation by surprize.

There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town,  
Can go far tow'rds Hell for Half a Crown,

As

As I for Six Pence, for we know the way;  
For want of Guides, Men often go astray:  
Therefore give way to what I shall advise,  
Let every Marri'd Man, that's Grave and Wise,  
Take a *Tartuff*, of known Ability,  
To Teach, and to Instruct his Family;  
Who may so settle lasting Reformation,  
First get his Son, then give him Education.

---

---

T H E  
*Imperfect Enjoyment.*

---

By Sir George Etherege.

---

**A**fter a pretty amorous Discourse,  
She does resist my Love with pleasing  
Force ;

Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modesty,  
Against her Will she is my Enemy.

Her Eyes the rudeness of her Arms excuse,  
Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse ;  
To ease my Passion, and to make me Blest,  
Th' obliging Smock falls from her Whiter Breast ;  
Then with her lovely Hands she does conceal  
Those Wonders, Chance so kindly did reveal ;

In

In vain, alas, her nimble Fingers strove  
To shield her *Beauties* from my greedy Love ;  
Guarding her Breasts, her Lips she did expose,  
To save a Lilly she must lose a Rose ;  
So many Charms she has in ev'ry place,  
A Hundred Hands cannot defend each Grace.  
Sighing, at length her Force she does recal,  
For since I must have Part, she'll give me All.  
Her Arms the joyful Conqueror embrace,  
And seem to guide me to the sought-for place.  
Her Love is in her sparkling Eyes exprest,  
She falls oth' Bed for Pleasure more than Rest.  
But Oh, strange Passion! Oh, Abortive Joy!  
My Zeal does my Devotion quite destroy ;  
Come to the Temple, where I shou'd Adore  
My Saint, I Worship at the Sacred Door ;  
Oh, cruel Chance! The Town which did op-  
pose  
My Strength so long, now yields to my Dis-  
pose ;

294      *The Imperfect Enjoyment.*

When overjoy'd with Victory, I fall

Dead at the foot of the Surrender'd Wall.

Without the usual Ceremony, we

Have both fulfill'd the Am'rous Mystery;

The Action which we shou'd have jointly done,

Each has unluckily perform'd alone;

The Union which our Bodies shou'd enjoy,

The Union of our eager Souls destroy.

Our Flames are punish'd by their own excess,

We'd had more Pleasure had our Loves been less;

She Blush'd and Frown'd, perceiving we had  
done

The Sport, she thought, we scarce had yet be-  
gun.

Alas, said I, Condemn your Self, not Me;

This is th' effect of too much Modesty.

Hence with that peevish Virtue, the Delight

Of both our Victories was lost i'th' Fight;

Yet



Yet from my Shame, your Glory does arise,  
My Weakness proves the Vigour of your Eyes,  
They did consume the Victim, e'er it came  
Unto the Altar, with a purer Flame:  
*Phillis*, let then this Comfort ease your Care,  
Y'd been more Happy, had you been less Fair.

---

---

A  
**PROLOGUE**

Spoken at the Opening of the  
*Duke's New Play-House.*

---

*By the same Author.*

---

**T**IS not in this, as in the former Age,  
 When Wit alone suffic'd t'Adorn the  
 Stage,  
 When Things well said, an Audience cou'd invite,  
 Without the hope of such a Gaudy Sight.  
 What with your Fathers took, wou'd take with  
 you,  
 If Wit had still the Charm of being New;

Had

Had not Enjoyment dull'd your Appetite;  
She in her homely Dress wou'd yet delight;  
Such stately Theatres we need not raise,  
Our Old House wou'd put off our dullest Plays.  
You Gallants know, a fresh Wench of Sixteen,  
May drive the Trade in *Honest Bombarine*,  
And never want good Custom, shou'd she lie  
In a Back-Room, Two or Three Stories high;  
But such a Beauty as has long been known,  
Though not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,  
Must, if she mean to thrive in this lewd Town  
Wear Points, Lac'd Peticoats, and a rich Gown,  
Her Lodgings too, must with her Dress agree,  
Be hung with Damask, or with Tapestry;  
Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glass;  
To strike Respect into an Am'rous Ass.  
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,  
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.  
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors shou'd submit  
So tamely to their Predecessor's Wit,

Since

Since I am sure among you there are few  
Wou'd grant your *Grandfathers* had more than  
you.

But hold ! I in this business may proceed too far,  
And raise a Storm against our Theatre ;

And then what wou'd the wise *Adventurers* say, }  
Who were in a much greater Fright to day, }  
Than ever Poet was about his Play ? }

Our Apprehensions none can justly blame,  
Money is dearer much to us than Fame ;

This thought on, let our Poets justify  
The Reputation of their Poetry ;

We are resolv'd we will not have to do  
With what's between those Gentlemen and you.  
Be kind, and let our House have but your Praise,  
You're welcome every day to damn their Plays.

# *Falling in Love with a Stranger at a Play.*

*By Sir Charles Sedley.*

**F**AIR *Amarillis*, on the Stage whilst you  
Beheld a feigned Love, you gave a true;  
I, like a Coward in the Amorous War,  
Came only to look on, yet got a Scar;  
Fixt by your Eyes, I had no power to fly,  
They held me whilst you gain'd the Victory;  
I thought I safely might my Sight content,  
To which the power to Like (not Love) I lent;  
And if I ventur'd on some slight Discourse,  
It should be such as could no Passion nurse;  
Led by the treacherous Lustre of your Eyes,  
At last I play'd too near the Precipice;

Love

300 *Falling in Love with a Stranger, &c.*

Love came disguis'd in Wonder and Delight;  
And I was Conquer'd e'r I knew him right;  
Your Words fell on my Passion like those Showers  
Which swell and multiply the rising Flowers;  
Like *Cupid's* Self, a God and yet a Child,  
Your Looks at once were awful, and yet mild:  
Methoughts you blush'd, as Conscious of my  
Flame,

Whilst your strict Virtue did your Beauty  
blame:

But rest secure; y're from the Guilt as free,  
As Saints Ador'd from our Idolatry;  
And Love a Torment does for me prepare,  
Beyond your Rigour, in my own Despair.

---

*Indifference*

# *Indifference Excused.*

---

*By the same Author.*

---

**L**ove, when 'tis true, needs not the Aid  
 Of Sighs nor Tears to make it known;  
 And to convince the Cruel'st Maid,  
 Lovers should use their Love alone:

Into their very Looks 'twill steal;  
 And he that most will hide his Flame,  
 Does in that Care his Pains reveal,  
 Silence it self can Love proclaim.

This, *Aurelia*, made me shun  
 The Paths that common Lovers tread,  
 Whose guilty Passions are begun,  
 Not in their Hearts, but in their Head.

I cou'd

I cou'd not Sigh, and with cross'd Arms  
Lament your Rigour, and my Fate,  
Nor tax your Beauty with such Charms  
As Men Adore, and Women Hate:

But Careless Live, and without Art,  
Knowing my Love you must have spy'd,  
And thinking it a foolish part,  
To strive to shew what none can hide.

---



---

To my Honoured Friend

*Sir ROBERT HOWARD,*

On his Excellent Poems.

---

By Mr. John Dryden.

---

**A**S there is Musick uninform'd by Art  
In those wild Notes, which with a Merry  
Heart

The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,  
Who better taught at home, yet please us less;  
So in your Verse, a native Sweetness dwells,  
Which shames Composure, and its Art excels.  
Singing, no more can your soft numbers grace,  
Than Paint adds Charms unto a Beauteous Face.

Yes

304 *To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems.*

Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,  
Their even Calmness does suppose them deep;  
Such is your Muse: No Metaphor swell'd high  
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the Sky;  
Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again,  
'Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.

So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,  
Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet.

'Tis strange each Line so great a weight should  
bear,

And yet no sign of Toil, no Sweat appear.

Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign  
Then least to feel, when most thy suffer pain;  
And we, dull Souls, admire, but cannot see  
What hidden Springs within the Engine be:  
Or, 'tis some Happiness that still pursues  
Each Act and Motion of your Graceful Muse.  
Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head  
The Curious\*Net that is for Fancies spread,

---

\*Rete Mirabile.

Lets through its Meshes every meaner Thought,  
While rich *Idea's* there are only caught.  
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair  
To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.  
No Atoms casually together hurl'd  
Could e'er produce so beautiful a World.  
Nor dare I such a Doctrine here admit,  
As would destroy the Providence of Wit,  
Tis your strong *Genius* then which does not feel  
Those weights wou'd make a weaker Spirit reel:  
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,  
Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.  
Great *Hercules* himself cou'd ne'er do more,  
Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods he bore,  
Your easier Odes, which for Delight were penn'd,  
Yet our Instruction make their second End:  
We're both enrich' and pleas'd, like them that  
Woos,  
At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.

306 *To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems.*

Of Moral Knowledge Poësie was Queen,  
And still she might, had wanton Wits not been;  
Who like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at large,  
And not content with that, debauch'd their  
Charge:

Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen  
Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again;  
And gives us hope, that having seen the Days  
When nothing flourish'd but Phanatick Bays,  
All will at length in this Opinion rest,  
“A Sober Prince's Government is best.

This is not all; your Art the way has found  
To make Improvement of the richest Ground,  
That Soil which those Immortal Laurels bore,  
That once the Sacred *Maro's* Temples wore.

*Elisa's* Griefs are so exprest by you,

They are too Eloquent to have been true,  
Had she so spoke, *Æneas* had obey'd

What *Dido*, rather than what *Jove* had said.

To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems. 307

If Funeral Rites can give a Ghost repose,  
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,  
*Elisa's* Shade may now its wandering cease,  
And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.  
But if *Aeneas* be oblig'd, no less  
Your Kindness great *Achilles* doth confess;  
Who dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a Look,  
Did ill become those Virgin Robes he took.  
To understand how much we owe to you,  
We must your Numbers, with your Author's  
view;  
Then we shall see his Work was lamely rough,  
Each Figure stiff, as if design'd in Buff;  
His Colours laid so thick on every place,  
As only shew'd the Paint, but hid the Face,  
But as in Perspective we Beauties see,  
Which in the Glass, not in the Picture be;  
So here our Sight obligingly mistakes  
That Wealth which his your Bounty only makes.

308 *To Sir R. Howard on his Poems.*

Thus vulgar Dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,  
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.  
Your curious \*Notes to search into that Age,  
When all was Fable but the Sacred Page,  
That since in that dark Night we needs must  
stray,

We are at least misled in pleasant way.  
But what we most admire, your Verse no less  
The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.  
E're our weak Eyes discern'd the doubtful streak  
Of Light; you saw Great *Charles* his Morning  
break.

So skilful Seamen ken the Land from far,  
Which shews like Mists to the dull Passenger.  
To *Charles* your Muse first pays her Dutious Love,  
As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*.

---

\* *Annotations on Statius.*

To Sir R. Howard on his Poems. 309

With Monck you end, whose Name preserv'd  
shall be,

As Rome Recorded \*Rufus Memory,  
Who thought it greater Honour to Obey  
His Countrey's Interest, than the World to sway.  
But to Write Worthy Things of Worthy Men,  
Is the peculiar Talent of your Pen:  
Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I  
Will venture in your Right to Prophesie.

"This Work, by Merit first of Fame secure,  
"Is likewise Happy in its Geniture:  
"For since 'tis Born, when Charles ascends the  
"Throne,  
"It shares, at once, his Fortune and its own.

---

\*Hic situs est Rufus, qui pulso vindico quondam  
Imperium afferuit non sibi sed Patriæ.

---

# To Mr. *GRANVILLE*,

On his Excellent TRAGEDY, call'd

## *HEROICK LOVE.*

---

By Mr. DRYDEN.

---

**A**uspicious Poet, wert thou not my Friend,  
 How could I envy what I must commend!  
 But since 'tis Nature's Law in Love and Wit,  
 That Youth shou'd Reign, and withering Age  
     submit;  
 With less Regret those Laurels I resign,  
 Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.  
 With better Grace, an Ancient Chief may yield  
 The long contended Honours of the Field,  
 Than venture all his Fortune at a Cast,  
 And Fight like *Hannibal* to lose at last

Young



To Mr. GRANVILLE, &c. 311

Young Princes, obstinate to win the Prize,  
Tho yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:  
Old Monarchs, tho successful, still in doubt,  
Catch at a Peace, and Wisely turn Devout.  
Thine be the Laurel then ; thy blooming Age  
Can best, if any can, support the Stage ;  
Which so declines, that shortly we may see  
Players and Plays reduc'd to second Infancy :  
Sharp to the World, But thoughtless of Renown,  
They Plot not on the Stage, but on the Town ;  
And in Despair their empty Pit to fill,  
Set up some Foreign Monster in the Bill.  
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,  
And mur'dring Plays, which they miscall, Re-  
viving:  
Our Sense is Nonsense through their Pipes con-  
vey'd ;  
Scarce can a Poet know the Play he made,  
T'is so disguis'd in Death ; nor thinks 'tis he  
That suffers in the mangled Tragedy.

312 To Mr. GRANVILLE, &c.

Thus *Itys* first was kill'd, and after dress'd

For his own Sire, the Chief invited Guest.

I say not this of thy successful Scenes,

Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains;

With length of Time, much Judgment, and more  
Toil,

Not Ill they Acted what they could not Spoil:

Their \**Setting Sun* still shoots a glim'ring Ray,

Like Ancient *Rome*, Majestick in decay;

And better Gleanings Their worn Soil can boast,

Than the Crab-Vintage of the Neighb'ring Coast:

This difference yet the Judging Word will see,

Thou Copiest *Homer*, and they Copy Thee.

---

\* Mr. Betterton.

P R O-

---

## *Prologue to the Pilgrim.*

---

*By Mr. DRYDEN.*

---

**H**OW wretched is the Fate of those that write,  
Brought Muzzled to the Stage for fear they  
Bite.

Where, like *Tom Dove*, they stand the Common  
Foe,

Lugg'd by the Critique, Baited by the Beau.  
Yet worse, their Brother Poets Damn the Play,  
And Roar the loudest, tho' they never Pay:  
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,  
At every lewd low Character — That's I.

He who writes Letters to himself, wou'd Swear  
The World forgot him, if he was not there.

What shou'd a Poet do, 'tis hard for One  
To pleasure all the Fools that wou'd be shown;  
And yet not Two in Ten will pass the Town. }

Most Coxcombs are not of the Laughing kind;  
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can find.

Quack

314 *Prologue to the Pilgrim.*

Quack *Maurus*, tho' he never took Degrees  
 In either of our Universities,  
 Yet to be shown by some kind Wit he looks,  
 Because he plaid the Fool, and Writ three Books;  
 But if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen,  
 He must be more a Fool, and Write again;  
 For all the former Fustian Stuff he wrote  
 Was Dead-born Dogtel, or is quite forgot;  
 His Man of *Uz*, stript of his *Hebrew* Robe,  
 Is just the Proverb, and *As poor as Job*.  
 One wou'd have thought he cou'd no lower jog,  
 But *Arthur* was a Levil, *Job's* a Bog;  
 There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight,  
 But here he Flounders in, and sinks down right:  
 Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,  
*Tobit* had first been turn'd to Ridicule:  
 But our bold *Britton*, without Fear or Awe,  
 O're-leaps at once the whole *Apocrapha*;  
 Invades the *Psalms* with Rhymes, and leaves no  
 room  
 For any Vandal *Hopkins* yet to come.

But

But what if, after all, this Godly Geer  
Is not so senseless as it wou'd appear?

Our *Mountebank* has laid a deeper Train,  
His Cant, like *Merry Andrew's* Noble Vein,  
Cat Calls the Sects to draw 'em in for Gain.

At leisure Hours in Epique Song he deals,  
Writes to the rumbling of his Coaches Wheels;  
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by Rule,  
But rides Triumphant between Stool and Stool.

Well, let him go, 'tis yet too early day,  
To get himself a Place in Farce or Play:  
We know not by what Name we should Arraign  
him,

For no one Category can contain him;  
A *Pedant*, *Canting Preacher*, and a *Quack*,  
Are Load enough to break one Asses Back:

At last grown wanton, he presum'd to Write,  
Traduc'd Two Kings, their Kindness to requite;  
One made the Doctor, and one Dubb'd the  
Knight.

---

# EPILOGUE

---

By Mr. DRYDEN.

---

**P**ERhaps the Parson stretch'd a Point too far,  
 When with our Theatres he wag'd a War;  
 He tells you, That this very Moral Age  
 Receiv'd the first Infection from the Stage;  
 But sure a banish'd Court with Lewdness fraught,  
 The Seeds of open Vice, returning, brought.  
 Thus Lodg'd, (as Vice by great Example thrives)  
 It first Debauch'd the Daughters and the Wives:  
*London*, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore  
 So plentiful a Crop of Horns before.  
 The Poets, who must live by Courts, or Starve  
 Were proud, so good a Government to serve;

And

And mixing with Buffoons and Pimps Profane,  
 Tainted the Stage for some small snip of Gain:  
 For they, like Harlots under Bawds profess,  
 Took all the ungodly Pains, and got the least.  
 Thus did the driving Malady prevail,  
 The Court its Head, the Poets but the Tail:  
 The Sin was of our Native Growth, 'tis true,  
 The Scandal of the Sin was wholly new;  
 Misses there were, but Modestly conceal'd,  
*White-Hall* the naked *Venus* first Reveal'd,  
 Who standing, as at *Cyprus* in her Shrine,  
 The Strumper was Ador'd with Rites Divine.  
 E're this, if Saints had any secret Motion,  
 'Twas Chamber-Practice all, and close Devotion.  
 I pass the *Peccadillo's* of their Time,  
 Nothing but open Lewdness was a Crime.  
 A Monarch's Blood was venial to the Nation,  
 Compar'd with one foule Act of Fornication.  
 Now they wou'd silence us, and shut the Door,  
 That let in all the bare-Fac'd Vice before.

318 *E P I L L O G U E.*

As for Reforming us, which some pretend,  
That Work in *England* is without an end;  
Well we may Change, but we shall never Mend.

Yet if you can but bear the present Stage,  
We hope much better of the coming Age.  
What wou'd you say, if we shou'd first begin  
To stop the Trade of Love behind the Scene,  
Where Actresses make bold with Married Men?

For while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,  
Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is.

In short, we'll grow as Moral as we can,  
Save here and there a Woman or a Man.

But neither you, nor we with all our pains,  
Can make clear work; there will be some Re-  
mains,

Whilst you have still your *Oats*, and we our  
*Hains*.



To the Memory of  
 Mr. *DRYDEN*.

**I**F Generous Gratitude could e'er excuse  
 The Sallies of a long neglected Muse,  
 Mine pleads that Cause alone, and so should be  
 From Censure, or malicious Pity free:

For all the Pleasures she from *Dryden* knew  
 She pays this Tribute, and she thinks it due.

Still had she slept, unmov'd by all beside,  
 No Rhimes attempted, and no Numbers try'd,  
 If to another Man he could impart  
 His real Nature, and his wondrous Art:  
 Both did *He* temper right, and raise from thence  
 Unrivall'd Numbers, and unequall'd Sence.

Most

### 320 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

Most that remain (for so to me they seem)  
Are but the Shadows, and the Ghosts of Him:  
Some few, it is confess'd, have gain'd their Cause,  
And justify'd their Merit by Applause;  
'Tis true, their Diction's good, their Style is clear,  
And Art and Labour through the whole appear;  
But let us search 'em well, where shall we find  
His Force of Thought, His Energy of Mind?  
The Words that move us with mysterious Charms  
The Soul that actuates, and the Fire that warms?  
A Ghost sometimes appears to mortal View,  
And bears the shape of Humane kind, but not  
the Substance too.

Words are like Colours in two Artists Hands,  
Of different Skill, where each the best Commands:  
One Paints and Pleases, but the Pleasure lies  
Not in the Mind, but only in the Eyes;  
The Colours, justly mixt, delude the Sight,  
And, Gayly shining, give a false Delight;

For far from thence is Honest Nature chas'd,  
Asham'd to see her self so much disgrac'd.

Not so the other, whose superior Art  
To lifeless Colours can a living Soul impart:  
Bold are his Strokes, but manag'd still with Care,  
For Nature always claims the better share;  
Colours, Proportion, Distance are combin'd  
To please the Sight, and Strength to charm the  
Mind,

Yet not the Best a full Perfection gain'd,  
But in one Province still the Painter reign'd:  
*Water* and *Land* a different Master own,  
And *History* is always found alone:  
Peculiar Hands give *Trees* and *Flow'rs* the best,  
The *Mimick* Drolls below, distinguish'd from the  
rest.

# 322 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

Our wondrous Bard, whose comprehending Soul  
 Could reach All Nature, and describe Her Whole;  
 To single Beauties scorn'd to be confin'd,  
 But show'd the Vigor of extensive Mind.  
 In all the nice Proportions We behold,  
 Like *Angelo* correct, like *Titian* bold.

If homely Cots, or humble Shepherds Ways  
 Employ'd his Muse, how calmly did they please  
 And sink our Passions to a rural Ease!  
 Or when He sung th' Excesses of the Great,  
 High Palaces, the trifling Pomp of State,  
 Th' ungovern'd Soul, her Reason laid aside,  
 Took the fond Hint, and was debas'd to Pride.  
 Landskip in all its various Face He show'd,  
 Here winding Rivers thro' the Meadows flow'd,  
 And there the fruitful Trees complain'd th' unequal Load;

Here

*To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.* 323

Here Mountains rise aloft, and dare the Sky,  
There dreary Caves the Face of Nature fly;  
Here Night a pleasing Horror does display,  
And with its gloomy Charms excells the Day;  
There the bright Morn expands its radiant Wings,  
And gives new Vigor with the Light it brings;  
His Universal Muse with equal Ease  
Could paint, of dismal Storms, or calmest Seas,  
The Miseries of War, and Joys of Peace.

But what nor Paint can tell, nor Pencil reach,  
His larger Genius could divinely teach;  
Describe the inner Passions of the Man,  
And show the Steps from whence they first began.

Love He describ'd, tho' different are its Ways,  
How the first fluttering pain disturbs our Days,  
And gives our Nights but half their usual Ease;

324 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

Then our kind Thoughts improve the Passion  
high'r,

'Tis restless Rage, 'tis covetous Desire,

And Love unbounded, and impetuous Fire;

Till at the last with Extasy we find

Extreamest Pleasures in one moment joyn'd,

And Joys immense, which leave all other Joys  
behind.

\*O *Antony!* how nobly dost thou charm?

O *Cleopatra!* how dost thou disarm

The roughest Spirits, and the coldest warm?

Nor shall the passion mention'd, who maintain'd

The Cause of Love, and show'd her Love  
unfeign'd;

Who scorn'd to excuse what she with Reason  
fought,

A certain Pleasure, and imagin'd Fault,

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\* *All for Love, or the World well lost.*

† *Sigismunda in Dryden's Fables.*

But boldly urg'd the Argument she shou'd,  
Th' Impulse of Nature, and the Force of Blood.  
So did He move the Soul, so touch the Heart  
With Virgin Passions, not debauch'd by Art.

Thus could He talk of Love, and Lovers Deeds,  
Yet give a Loose to Rage, and manly Rage succeeds.

His Satyr free, impartial and severe,  
At once gave Pleasure, and created Fear;  
Who would not read what He so justly writ?  
But who would be the Subject of his Wit!

Could but our modern Satyrists have known  
His way of Satyr, they'd despise their own:  
Soon would they see the Sharpest Muse disclaim  
Ill manner'd Language, and opprobrious Names;  
That sordid Railing is the poor Retreat  
Of angry Malice, or unmanly Wit.

326 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

He shows, what we from him alone can feel,  
Satyr may bite, and yet may be genteel.

Audacious Fancy fain would hurry on,  
And tread those Paths which Reason ought to  
shun;

For *Homer* and the *Mantuan* are in View,  
A dangerous Chace, nor must *my Muse* pursue;

O'er steepy Hills, tremendous to the Sight,  
Their fiery Coursers kept an equal Flight,  
His close pursu'd, nor fear'd the dismal Height.

My humble Muse looks upwards with Despair  
Admires their strength, but wonders how they  
dare

Attempt the Regions of the upper Air.

Suffice it Her to say, He never fail'd

Wherever His adventurous Muse assail'd,  
And All attempting, He in All prevail'd.

What



What more had He to do! his conqu'ring  
Lays

Were above Censure, and commanded Praise;  
Secure of Fame He laid the Laurel down,  
Enough distinguish'd by his Sense alone;  
And smil'd to see, with a disdainful Air,  
Contending Rhymers use their utmost Care  
To reach that Bays they want the Head to bear.

Fatigu'd with Life, with Pleasure He retir'd  
From the vain World, both Envy'd and Admir'd,

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A N  
O D E

In Imitation of

— *Quid Bellicosus Cantabor, &c.*  
Hor. Od. 11. Lib. 2.

---

*By Mr. John How.*

---

WHAT is't to us, who guides the State,  
Who's out of Favour, or who Great;  
Who are the Ministers and Spies,  
Who votes for Places, or who buys?  
The World will still be rul'd by Knaves  
And Fools contending to be Slaves;

Small

Small Things, my Friend, serve to support  
Life, troublesome at best, and short:  
Our youth runs back, occasion flies,  
Grey Hairs come on, and Pleasure dies.  
Who would the present Blessings lose  
For Empires which he cannot use?  
Kind Providence has us supply'd  
With what to others is deny'd,  
Virtue, which teaches to condemn  
And scorn ill Actions and ill Men.  
Beneath this Lime-Tree's fragrant shade,  
On Beds of Flowers supinely laid,  
Let's then all other Cares remove,  
And Drink and Sing to those we Love.  
Here's to *Næra*, Heaven design'd  
Perfection of the Charming Kind,  
Whose Beauty, Voice, and wondrous Wit  
Lays all Adoring at her Feet,  
Makes Angels envy, Nature vain,  
And me delight in hopeless pain.

May

May she be Blest, as she is Fair,

And Pity me has I Love her;

The rest let's leave to th' unseen Powers;

This Moment and this Glass is ours.

---

T H E

# THE PLATONICK.

*By Sir Charles Sedley.*

**F**AIR *Octavia*, you are much to blame,  
To blow the fire, and wonder at the flame.  
I did converse, 'tis true, so far was mine ;  
But that I Lov'd, and hop'd, was wholly thine ;  
Not hop'd, as others do, for a Return,  
But that I might without offending burn.  
I thought those Eyes which every hour enslave,  
Could not remember all the Wounds they gave:  
Forgotten in the Crowd, I wisht to lie, —  
And of your Coldness, not your Anger, die ;  
Yet since you know I Love, 'tis now no time  
Longer to hide, let me excuse the Crime ;

Seeing

Seeing what Laws I to my Passion give,  
Perhaps you may consent that it should live.

For, First, It never shall a hope advance  
Of waiting on you, but by seeming chance;  
I at a distance will Adore your Eyes,  
As awful *Persians* do the Eastern Skies:  
I never will presume to think of Sex,  
Nor with gross Thoughts my Deathless Love  
perplex:  
I tread a pleasant Path without design;  
And to thy Care my Happiness resign:  
From Heaven it self thy Beauty cannot be  
A freer Gift, than is my Love to Thee.

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T O A

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# Devout Young Woman.

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*By the same Author.*

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**P** *Hill*, this mighty Zeal asswage,  
You over-act your part;  
The Martyrs at your tender Age,  
Gave Heaven but half their Heart.

Old Men (till past the Pleasure) ne'er  
Declaim against the Sin,  
'Tis early to begin to fear  
The Devil at Fifteen.

The

334 *To a Devout Young Woman.*

The World, to Youth, is too severe,  
And like a Treacherous Light,  
Beauty the Actions of the Fair  
Exposes to their sight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,  
Is oft deceiv'd by't too;  
Wife Combinations seldom miss,  
Let's try what we can do.

---



# S O N G.

*By the same Author.*

**W**HEN *Aurelia* first became  
The Mistress of his Heart,  
So mild and gentle was her Reign,  
*Thyrsis*, in hers, had part.

Reserves and Care he laid aside,  
And gave his Love the Reins;  
The headlong Course he now must bide,  
No other way remains.

At first her Cruelty he fear'd,  
But that being overcome,  
No Second for a while appear'd,  
And he thought all his own:

He

He call'd himself a happier Man  
Than ever Lov'd before ;  
Her Favours still his Hopes out-ran,  
What Mortal can have more ?

Love smil'd at first, then looking grave,  
Said, *Thyrsis*, leave to boast ;  
More joy than all her Kindness gave,  
Her Fickleness will cost.

He spoke ; and from that fatal time,  
All *Thyrsis* did, or said,  
Appear'd unwelcome, or a Crime,  
To the Ungrateful Maid.

Then he despairing of her Heart,  
Would fain have had his own.  
Love answered, Such a Nymph could part  
With nothing she had won.

On the Lamented

# DEATH

Of the Late

Countess of *DORSET*.

By N. Tate, *Servant to His Majesty.*

**H**OME, *Shepherds*, to your Cottages retire;  
Your *Dorset* Mourns; no more the Pipe  
inspire.

Your Mirth is done, your Care is vain; what  
need

To tend those Flocks, that will no longer Feed?

Nature her self concern'd for Him appears,

Sables for his and her lost Darling wears;

She Sighs in Storms, and Weeps in Seas of  
Tears.

Y

EVA

338      *On the Death of the*

Ev'n Earth that does the precious Relicks shroud,  
Laments the Treasure that shou'd make her  
Proud:

Alone exempted from the gen'ral Care,  
The Skies rejoice to have regain'd their Star.

Profane Disease: The Crime had been too  
great,

In only Batt'ring of so fair a Seat!

Which spitefully thou quite hast undermin'd,  
Because the bright Remains would still have  
shin'd:

So Envious *Rome* no Method cou'd employ  
Fair *Carthage* to Subdue, but to Destroy:

Mute are the Groves, where Happy Shep-  
herds sung,

And *Philomel* once more has lost her Tongue;  
The Palm and Myrtle Glades no longer please:  
Cypress and Yew are now the only Trees.

The

The ruthfull'st Objects, most Endearments have,  
The Uncouth Vale's delights, and gloomy Cave }  
Can please, because it represents the Grave. }  
Tears our Refreshment are, our sole Relief,

To give Despair free scope,

To set the Sluces ope,

And rowl with the Impetuous Tide of Grief.

Let the next Age the costly Tomb prepare,  
To her shrin'd Image come, and seek her there;  
The Present rears, beyond the Pow'r of Art,  
A breathing Monument in ev'ry Heart.

What Rhet'rick can divorce, what Charms  
of Verse,

The Sighing Mother from her Darling's Hearse?  
To trace her Features, and her Virtues paint,  
In Form an Angel, as in Life a Saint;  
Are Themes ill suited to a Parent's Grief,  
The Food of Sorrow, an unkind Relief:

One only Sov'reign Balm sick Nature bears,  
 A Sympathizing Royal Mourner's Tears:  
 Though Gods, nor Goddesses, may Fate reverse,  
 Our Goddess Weeping Consecrates the Hearse.

Behold, forlorn the Muses Patron laid,  
 With Mourning *Cypids* in the Cypress shade;  
 Of Fate, nor cruel Skies, he once complains,  
 But inwardly the Conflict deep sustains,  
 The struggling Tumult in his Breast restrains.

O DORSET, cou'd our Worthless Life  
 pretend

(Whose Comforts only on thy Smiles depend)  
 To Bribe thy Griefs, how pleas'd cou'd we resign  
 Our Breaths, compounding for one Pang of thine.  
 Our Useless Breaths are tender'd now in vain,  
 Since Tuneful Notes no more must cheer the Plain,  
 Let Numbers cease; for whom shou'd they relieve,  
 That can no Comfort to their Patron give?

Yet

Yet, *DORSET*, Live, in pity to the Age.

That to Condole thy Loss forgers its Rage;

The Impious Age still from one Crime is free,

Mad with Intestine Strife, we all agree,

As in Admiring in Lamenting Thee!

Let those dear Pledges Intercede at least,

The Living Relicks of the Fair Deceas'd;

Till Infant Beauty to full Bloom arrives,

The Mother's Virtues, and her Charms revive:

Till Dawning *Buckhurst* to his Zenith rise,

And gild (like you) and warm our Northern Skies.

Till then Indulge our dearest Wishes scope,

Next Age's *DORSET*, Britain's second Hope.

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TO  
CHLORIS.

---

By Sir Charles Sedley.

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**C**hloris, I cannot say your Eyes  
Did my unwary Heart surprize,  
Nor will I swear it was your Face,  
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace;  
For you are so entirely Fair,  
To Love a part, injustice were;  
No drowning Man can know which drop  
Of water his last breath did stop;  
So when the Stars in Heaven appear,  
And joyn to make the Night look clear;

The



The Light we no one's Bounty call,  
 But the united work of all;  
 He that both Lips, or Hands adore,  
 Deserves them only, and no more;  
 But I Love all, and every part,  
 And nothing less can ease my Heart.  
*Cupid* that Lover weakly strikes,  
 Who can express what 'tis he likes,

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---

# SONG.

---

*By the same Author.*

---

**A** *Urelia*, Art thou mad  
 To let the World in me  
 Envy Joys I never had,  
 And censure them in Thee.

Fill'd with grief for what is past,  
 Let us at length be wise,  
 And the Banquet boldly taste,  
 Since we have paid the price.

Love does easie Souls despise,  
 Who lose themselves for Toys,  
 And Escape for those devise,  
 Who taste his utmost Joys.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,  
 Like theirs a Folly is,  
 Who are for vain Swearing Damn'd,  
 And knew no higher Bliss.

Love should like the Year be Crown'd,  
 With sweet variety;  
 Hope should in the Spring be found,  
 Kind Fears, and Jealousie.

In the Summer Flowers should rise,  
 And in the Autumn Fruit;  
 His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,  
 And in a Scoff Salute.

---

# SONG.

---

*By the same Author.*

---

**L**OVE still has something of the Sea,  
From whence his Mother rose ;  
No time his Slaves from doubt can free,  
Nor give their Thoughts repose :

They are becalm'd in clearest Days,  
And in rough Weather tost ;  
They wither under cold Delays,  
Or are in Tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,  
Then straight into the Main,  
Some angry Wind, in cruel sport,  
Their Vessel drives again.

At

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear,  
 Which if they chance to scape,  
 Rivals and Falshood soon appear  
 In a more dreadful Shape.

By such degrees to Joy they come,  
 And are so long withstood,  
 So slowly they receive the Sum,  
 It hardly does them good.

'Tis Cruel to prolong a Pain;  
 And to defer a Bliss;  
 Believe me, gentle *Hermoine*  
 No less Inhumane is.

An Hundred Thousand Oaths your Fears  
 Perhaps would not remove;  
 And if I gaz'd a Thousand Years,  
 I cou'd no deeper Love.

'Tis

'Tis fitter much for you to guess,  
Than for me to explain;  
But grant, O grant that Happiness  
Which only does remain.

---

A D I A



*Aminas.* Sees not my *Celia* Nature wear  
One Countenance in the Spring,  
And yet another Shape prepare,  
To bring the Harvest in?  
Look on the Eagle, how unlike  
He to the Egg is found,  
When he prepares his Pounce to strike  
His Prey against the ground.  
Fears might my Infant Love become;  
'Twere want of kindness now,  
Should Modesty my Hope benum,  
Or check what you allow.

*Celia.* *Aminas*, hold, What could you worse  
To worst of Women do?  
Ah! How could you a Passion nurse  
So much my Honour's Foe?

*Aminas.*



**Aminias.** Make not an Idol of a Toy,  
Which every breath can shake,  
Which all must have, or none enjoy,  
What course so e'er we take,  
Whil'st Women hate, or Men are vain,  
You cannot be secure;  
What makes my *Celia* then a pain,  
So fruitless to endure?

**Celia.** Could I the World neglect for Thee,  
Thy Love, though dear it cost,  
In some unkind Conceit of me,  
Would be untimely lost;  
Thou would'st thy own Example fear,  
And every heedless word  
I chance let fall beyond thy Care,  
Would some new doubt afford.

*Aminias*

*Aminas.* If I am Jelous, 'tis because  
I know not where you Love;  
With me fulfil Love's gentle Laws,  
And all my Fears remove.

*Celia.* Women, like things at second hand,  
Do half their Value lose;  
But whilst all Courtship they withstand,  
May at their Pleasure chuse.

*Aminas.* This were a fine Discourse, my  
Dear,  
If we were not alone;  
But now Love whispers in my Ear,  
There's somewhat to be done.  
She said, she never would forgive:  
He Kissing, swore she should;  
And told her she was mad to strive  
Against their Mutual Good:

What

What farther past, I cannot tell,  
But sure not much amiss ;  
He vow'd he Lov'd her dearly well,  
She answer'd with a Kiss.

---

**Z**

**THE**

THE  
LAMENTATIONS  
OF  
JEREMIAH.

By Mrs. Wharton.

CHAP. I.

The ARGUMENT.

Verse 1, *The Miserable Estate of Jerusalem, by reason of her Sin.* 12. *She Complaineth of her Grief.* 18. *And confesseth God's Judgments to be Righteous.*

1. **H**OW doth the Mournful Widow'd  
City bow ?

She that was once so great : Alas, how low ?

Once fill'd with Joy, with Desolation now.

2. Tears

## *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.* 353

2. Tears on her Cheeks, and Sables on her  
Head;

She mourns her Lovers lost, and Comforts Dead

Alas, alas, lost City, where are those,

So proud once to be Friends, now turn'd her  
Foes ?

3. *Judah* is gone; alas, to Bondage gone,  
Amongst the Heathen *Judah* mourns alone,  
Griev'd, and in Servitude, she finds no rest;  
Follow'd by none but those by whom oppress.

4. The Feasts of *Zion*, no one now attends;  
Unhappy *Zion*, destitute of Friends :  
Her Priests still Sigh, and all her Virgins Mourn;  
Because her Gladness finds now no Return.

5. Her Enemies are great, and ever nigh,  
Still Fortunate, because her Crimes were high :

**356** *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*  
Her Captiv'd Children, still her guilt upbraid,  
Who Mourn, whilst their Insulting Foes Invade.

6. Her Beauty which excell'd, is now no more  
That brightness which all Nations did Adore;  
Her Princes are like hunted Harts become,  
Breathless and Faint, whilst the Pursuit goes on:  
Alas for *Zion*, all their Strength is gone.

7. *Jerusalem* then thought upon the Hour  
When she was Crown'd with Peace, Delight,  
and Power;  
Thoughts once so Joyful, Mournful now and  
Vain,  
The Foe Insults, whilst she no help sustains,  
Mocking both at her Sabbaths and her Pains.

8. Her Crimes have caus'd her to be far re-  
mov'd,  
*Jerusalem*, who was so well belov'd.

All

*The Lamentations of Jeremiah.* 357

All those who in her Pride admir'd her Fame,  
Despise her now, because they've seen her Shame:  
Sighing she turns away, with shame distressed,  
Amaz'd, Despis'd, Deserted and Opprest.

9. Circl'd with Guilt and Shame, she cannot fly,  
Her Comforts far remov'd, her End too nigh;  
She vainly thinks, on that 'tis now too late,  
Behold those Grievs, which no one can repeat,  
Her Fall is steep, and all her Foes are great.

10. Her Sanctuary is by them betray'd,  
All her Delights they carelessly invade,  
Even the Heathen, of whom God had said,  
They should not in her Holy Temple tread.

11. Her hungry People sigh, and give away  
For Bread, their Treasures, lest their Lives decay.  
Consider, Lord, see her with Cares bow'd down,  
For I am Vile, and Zion left alone.

### 358 *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

12. All you who pass this way, behold and see,  
Are my Griefs small? Do others grieve like me?  
Are not these Sorrows, under which I bow,  
With which the Lord hath brought my Soul so  
low?

Turn back and Mourn with me, because my Lord  
In his fierce Anger doth no Peace afford.

13. He from above hath Flames and Horror  
sent,  
Circling my Soul with Pain and Discontent;  
His Snares, alas, my weary Feet betray,  
Whil'st Desolate and Faint, I Mourn all Day  
For Zion lost, her Glory thrown away.

14. Our Sins have brought those Chains which  
his Command  
Hath fastn'd now (who can his Power with-  
stand? )

Now they are link'd by his Almighty Hand.

The



*The Lamentations of Jeremiah.* 359

The Lord forsakes, and I am now the Scorn  
Of Enemies, because of God forlorn :  
He was my Strength, and now, alas, 'tis gone.

15. My Mighty Men are all by him cast down,  
They're crush'd by numbers, and I'm left alone  
Whilst silently thy Virgin Daughters Mourn,  
Unhappy Mournful *Judah* left Forlorn.

16. For this I Weep, and waste my self in  
Tears,  
Because her Help's far off, and Sorrow's near :  
Ah, wretched *Judah*, where is now thy hope ?  
Thy Foes still triumph whilst thy Children  
droop.

17. *Zion* spreads forth her Arms to be reliev'd,  
But who can Comfort whom the Lord hath  
Griev'd ?

### 360 *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

Her Enemies encrease and flourish still,  
By his Command, by his all-powerful Will.  
Ah, wretched City, scorn'd and sham'd by all,  
Who can enough lament thy dreadful Fall?

18. Yet he is Just; for I am Guilty found :  
The Lord, with Righteousness is always Crown'd.  
Ye that pass by, see me with Sorrows Drown'd,  
My weight of Sin hath press'd me to the Ground.  
Who is it now my Freedom can restore?  
My Youth and Captive Virgins are no more.

19. I call'd for all my Friends, but they were  
gone;  
Friendship grows cold, when Misery comes on :  
With Hunger pin'd, my Priests and Rulers Dy'd,  
Within my walls perish'd my Strength and Guide.

20. My Crimes were great, so are my Sorrows  
Behold, my Lord, see the Afflicted bow; (now,  
Abroad

*The Lamentations of Jeremiah.* 361

Abroad th'unwearied Sword bereaves of Breath,  
And Grief at Home is a more Cruel Death.

21. All round me hear my Sighs, and see my  
Tears,

Whilst there is none that can relieve my Cares :  
My Foes hear, and rejoyce at what is done :  
But Thou wilt surely, Lord, at last return, }  
And then the Enemy, like me, will Mourn.

22. Their Crimes are great, turn, Mighty  
Lord, and see,

Afflict 'em then, as thou Afflictest me.

My Grievs are great, turn therefore and relent;  
My Sighs are many, and my Heart is Faint.

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TO

---

T O  
C E L I A.

*By an Unknown Hand.*

**A** L L things submit themselves to your  
Command,

Fair *Celia*, when it does not Love withstand ;  
The Power it borrowed from your Eyes alone,  
All but himself would yield to, who has none;  
Were he not blind, such are the Charms you  
have,

He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave;  
Be proud to act a Mortal *Hero's* Part,  
And throw himself, for Fame, on his own Dart.

*But*

But Fate hath otherwise dispos'd of things,  
In different Bonds Subjecting Slaves and Kings.

That Fate (like you, resistless) does ordain  
That Love alone should over Beauty Reign.

By Harmony the Universe does move ;

And what is Harmony, but Mutual Love ?

See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,  
Kissing the rugged Banks on either side,

Whil'st in their Chrystal Stream at once they  
show,

And with them feed the Flowers which they  
bestow ;

Though prest upon by their too rude Embrace,  
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their pace

To their Lov'd Sea; for even Streams have  
Desires,

Cool as they are, they feel Love's Pow'rful  
Fires,

And with such Passion, that if any Force

Stop, or molest 'em in their Am'rous Course,

They

They swell with Rage, break down, and ra-  
vage o'er

The Banks they Kifs'd, the Flowers they fade  
before.

Who would resist an Empire so Divine,

Which Universal Nature doth enjoyn?

Submit then *Celia*, e're you be reduc'd :

For Rebels Vanquisht once, are vilely us'd.

And such are you, when e're you dare obey

Another Passion, and your Love betray.

You are Love's Citadel , by you he reigns,

And his proud Empire o'er the World maintains;

He trusts you with his Stratagems and Arms,

His Frowns, his Smiles, and all his Conquering

Charms,

Beauty's no more but the dead Soil which Love

Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve;

Sailing by Sighs, through Seas of Tears, he sends

Courtship from Foreign Hearts, for your own

Ends

Cherish

Cherish a Trade ; for as with Indians we  
 Get Gold and Jewels for our Trumpery ;  
 So to each other, for their useless Toys,  
 Lovers afford Inestimable Joys.  
 But if you're fond of Trifles, be, and Starve ;  
 Your Gugaw Reputation preserve ;  
 Live upon Modesty and Empty Fame,  
 Foregoing Sense, for a Fantastick Name.

---

SONG

## S O N G.

*By a Person of Honour.*

**A**S he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his  
Head,

And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said,  
If Love's a Sweet Passion, why does it Torment?  
If a Bitter (said he) whence are Lovers Content?  
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I com-  
plain,

Or grieve at my Fate, when I know, 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,  
That at once it both Wounds me, and Tickles  
my Heart.

To my self I sigh often, without knowing why;  
And when Absent from *Phyllis*, methinks I could  
Die;

But



But Oh ! what a Pleasure still follows my Pain ;  
When kind Fortune do's help me to see her again.

In her Eyes (the bright Stars that foretel what's  
to come, )

By soft stealth now and then I examine my Doom ;

I press her Hand gently, look languishing down,

And by Passionate Silence I make my Love known.

But Oh ! how I'm Blest, when so kind she do's  
prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her Love ;

When in striving to hide, she reveals all her  
Flame,

And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare  
Name.

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# A S O N G.

*By Mrs. Wharton.*

**H**OW hardly I conceal'd my Tears:  
How oft did I complain ,  
When many tedious Days my Fears  
Told me I Lov'd in vain ?

But now my Joys as wild are grown,  
And hard to be conceal'd :  
Sorrow may make a silent Moan,  
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the Bleating Flocks,  
To every Stream and Tree,  
And Bless the Hollow Murmuring Rocks,  
For Ecchoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much Joy  
We Want, we Wish, Believe ;  
'Tis hard such Passion to Destroy,  
But easie to Deceive.

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ON THE  
**DEATH**  
 OF  
*Mr. Abraham Cowley,*  
 AND HIS  
**BURIAL**  
*In Westminster Abbey.*

---

*By the Earl of Orrery.*

---

**O**UR Wit, till *Cowley* did its lustre raise,  
 May be resembled to the first Three Days,  
 In which did shine only such streaks of Light  
 As serv'd but to distinguish Day from Night :

But

*On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley.* 371

But Wit breaks forth in all that he has done,  
Like Light when 'twas united in the Sun.

The Poets formerly did lie in wait  
To rifle those whom they would imitate :  
We Watch'd to rob all Strangers when they writ,  
And learnt their Language but to steal their Wit.  
He from that Need his Country does redeem,  
Since those who want may be supply'd from him:  
And Foreign Nations now may borrow more  
From *Cowley*, than we could from them before :  
Who though he condescended to admit  
The *Greeks* and *Romans* for his Guides in Wit;  
Yet he those Ancient Poets does pursue,  
But as the *Spaniards* great *Columbus* do ;  
He taught them first to the New World to steer,  
But they possess all that is precious there.

When first his Spring of Wit began to flow,  
It rais'd in some, Wonder and Sorrow too,  
A a a That

372 *On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley.*

That God had so much Wit and Knowledge  
lent,

And that they were not in his Praises spent.

But those who in his *Davidic* look,  
Find they his *Blossoms* for his *Fruit* mistook ;  
In diff'ring Ages different Muses shin'd,  
His Green did Charm the Sense, his Ripe the  
Mind.

Writing for Heaven, he was inspir'd from  
thence,

And from his Theam deriv'd his Influence.  
The Scripture will no more the Wicked fright;  
His Muse does make Religion a Delight.

Oh how severely Man is us'd by Fate!  
The Covetous toil long for an Estate ;  
And having got more than their Life can spend,  
They may bequeath it to a Son, or Friend:  
But

*On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley.* 373

But Learning (in which none can have a share,  
Unless they climb to it by Time and Care,  
Learning, the truest Wealth which Man can  
have)

Does, with his Body, perish in his Grave :  
To Tenements of Clay it is confin'd,  
Tho' 'tis the Noblest Purchase of the Mind :  
Oh, why can we thus leave our Friends, possess'd  
Of all our Acquisitions but the best ?

Still when we study *Cowley*, we lament,  
That to the World he was no longer lent ;  
Who, like a Lightning, to our Eyes was  
shown,  
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.  
Sure he rejoyc'd to see his Elame expire,  
Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher;  
For when wise Poets can no higher flie,  
They would, like Saints, in their perfection die.

---

ON THE  
DEATH  
OF

King *CHARLES II.*

Writ at that Time,

*By the Right Honourable*  
Charles Montague, *Baron Halifax.*

**F**arewel, Great *Charles*, Monarch of Blest  
Renown,

The best Good Man, that ever fill'd a Throne :  
Whom Nature, as her highest Pattern wrought,  
And mixt both Sexes Vertues in one Draught.

NO

Wisdom



*On the Death of King Charles II.* 377

Wisdom for Councils, Bravery in War,

With all the mild Good-nature of the Fair.

The Woman's Sweetness temper'd Manly Wit,

And Loving Power did Crown'd with Meek-  
ness sit ;

His awful Person Reverence engag'd,

Which mild Address and Tenderness asswag'd:

Thus the Almighty Gracious King above,

Does both command our Fear, and win our  
Love.

With Wonders born, by Miracles preserv'd,

A Heavenly Host the Infant's Cradle serv'd,

And Men His healing Empire's Omen read,

When *Sun* with *Stars*, and *Day* with *Night*,  
agreed.

His Youth for valourous Patience was renown'd,

Like *David*, persecuted first, then Crown'd,

Lov'd in all Courts, admir'd where e'er he came,

At once our Nation's Glory, and its Shame :

They

### 378 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

They blest the *Isle*, where such great Spirits  
dwell,

Abhor'd the Men, that could such Worth expel.  
To spare our Lives, He meekly did defeat  
Those *Sauls*, whom *wand'ring Asses* made so  
great:

Waiting, till Heaven's Election should be shown,  
And the *Almighty* should his *Unction* own;  
And own He did---His powerful Arm display'd,  
And *Israel*, the Belov'd of *God*, obey'd :

Call'd by His Peoples Tears, He came, He eas'd  
The groaning Nation, the black Storms appeas'd :  
Did greater Blessings, than He took, afford,  
*England* it Self, was more, than He, Restor'd.

Unhappy *Albion*, by strange Ills oppress'd,  
In various Feavers tost, could find no rest :  
Quite spent and wearied, to His Arms She fled,  
And rested on His Shoulders, her fair bending  
Head.

In

*On the Death of King Charles II.* 379

In Conquests Mild, He came from Exile  
kind,

No Crimes, no Provocations, chang'd His Mind:

No Malice shew'd, no Hate, Revenge, or Pride,

But *Rul'd* as *Meekly*, as His *Father Dy'd* ;

Eas'd us from endless Wars, made Discords cease,

Restor'd to Quiet, and maintain'd in Peace :

A mighty Series of new Time began,

And rowling Years in joyful Circles ran.

Then Wealth the City, Business fill'd the Port,

To Mirth our Tumults turn'd, our Wars to sport:

Then Learning flourish'd , blooming Arts did  
spring,

And the glad *Muses* prun'd their drooping wing.

Then did our *flying Towers* Improvement know,

Who *now* Command as far as Winds can blow.

With Canvas Wings round all the Globe they  
fly,

And, built by *Charles* His Art, all Storms defie :  
To

380 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

To ev'ry Coast with ready Sails are hurl'd,  
Fill Us with Wealth, and with our Fame the  
World :

From whose Distractions Seas do us divide ;  
Their Riches here in floating Castles ride.

We reap the swarthy *Indian's* Sweat and Toil,  
Their Fruit, without the Mischiefs of thei Soil.  
Here in cool Shades their Gold, and Pearls receive,

Free from the heat, which does their lustre give.  
In *Persian* Silks, eat *Eastern* Spice ; secure  
From burning Fluxes, and their Calenture.

Under our Vines upon the peaceful Shore,  
We see all *Europe* tost, hear Tempests roar :  
Rapine, Sword, Wars, and Famine rage abroad,  
While *Charles* their Host, like *Jove* from *Ida*,  
aw'd ;

Us from our Foes, and from our selves did shield,  
Our Towns from Tumults , and from Arms the  
Field.

For

*On the Death of King Charles II.* 381

For, when bold Factions *Goodness* could disdain,  
Unwillingly He us'd a straiter Reign:  
In the *still gentle Voice* He lov'd to speak,  
But could with Thunder harden'd Rebels break.  
Yet though they wak'd the Laws, His tender  
Mind

Was undisturb'd, in wrath severely Kind.  
Tempting His Power, and urging to assume;  
Thus *Jove* in Love did *Semele* consume.  
As the stout *Oak*, when round his Trunk the  
Vine

Does in soft wreaths, and amorous foldings twine,  
Easie and slight appears : The Winds from far  
Summon their *posie* Forces to the War ;  
But though so gentle seems his outward form,  
His hidden strength outbraves the loudest Storms:  
Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field,  
Showing stout Minds, when unprovok'd, are  
mild.

So

382 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

So when the *Good Man* made the Crowd pre-  
sume,

He show'd himself, and did the *King* Assume :

For Goodness in Excess may be a Sin,

*Justice* must tame, whom *Mercy* cannot win.

Thus Winter fixes the unstable Sea,

And teaches restless Water constancy,

Which under the warm influence of bright days,

The fickle motion of each Blast obeys.

To bridle Factions, stop Rebellion's course,

By easie Methods, vanquish without Force.

Relieve the Good, bold stubborn Foes subdue,

Mildness in Wrath, Meekness in Anger shew,

Were Arts, Great *Charles* His Prudence only  
knew.

To fright the Bad thus awful *Thunder* rolls ;

While the bright *Bow* secures the Faithful  
Souls,

Such

## *On the Death of King Charles II.* 383

Such is thy Glory, *Charles*, thy lasting Name,  
Brighter than our proud *Neighbour's* guilty  
Fame:

More noble than the Spoils, that Battels yield,  
Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.

'Tis less to Conquer, than to make Wars cease,  
And without fighting awe the World to Peace:  
For proudest Triumphs from Contempt arise,  
The vanquish'd first the Conquerours Arms  
despise.

Won Ensigns are the gaudy marks of Scorn,  
They brave the Victor first and then adorn.  
But peaceful Monarchs Reign like Gods; while  
none

Dispute, all Love, Bless, Reverence their Throne.  
Tygers, and Bears, with all the Savage Host,  
May Boldness, Strength, and daring Conquest  
boast;

But

### 384 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

But the sweet Passions of a Generous Mind,  
Are the Pretogative of Humane-kind,  
The Godlike Image, on our Clay imprest,  
The Darling Attribute, which Heaven loves best.  
In *Charles*, so good a *Man* and *King*, we see  
A double Image of the Deity.

Oh ! Had He more resembled It ! Oh why  
Was He not still more like; and could not die ?  
Now do our Thoughts alone enjoy His Name,  
And faint *Ideas* of our Blessing frame !

In *Thames*, the Ocean's Darling, *England's* Pride,  
The pleasing Emblem of his Reign does glide.  
*Thames*, the Support and Glory of our Isle,  
Richer than *Tagus*, or *Ægyptian Nile*.

Though no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are  
found,

Yet Fields rejoyce, his Meadows laugh around;  
Lefs Wealth his Bosom holds, less guilty Stores,  
For he exhausts himself, t'enrich the Shores :  
Mild,



*On the Death of King Charles II.* 385

Mild, and Serene, the peaceful Current flows,  
No angry Foam, no raging Surges knows.  
No dreadful Wreck upon his Banks appears,  
His Chrystal Stream unstain'd by Widow's  
Tears,

His Channel strong and easie, deep and clear.  
No Arbitrary Inundations sweep  
The Plowman's Hopes, and Life into the deep,  
The Even Waters the old Limits keep.  
But oh! He Ebbs, the smiling Waves decay,  
(Forever, Lovely Stream, for ever stay!)

To the black Sea his silent course does bend,  
Where the best Streams, the longest Rivers end.  
His spotless Waves there undistinguish'd pass,  
None see how Clear, how Bounteous, Sweet  
He was.

No difference, now, (though late so much) is  
seen,

'Twixt Him, fierce *Rhine*, and the Impetuous  
*Styne*.

B b

But

## 386 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

But lo! The Joyful Tide our Hopes restores,  
And dancing Waves extend the wid'ning Shores.  
*JAMES* is our *CHARLES* in all things but  
in Name :

Thus *Thames* is daily lost, yet still the same.

---

ON

---

ON THE  
**MARRIAGE**  
 Of the LADY  
**MARY**  
 WITH  
 The Prince of *ORANGE*.

---

*By Edmond Waller, in the Year 1677.*

---

**A**S once the Lyon Honey gave,  
 Out of the Strong such Sweetness came;  
 A Royal Hero, no less brave,  
 Produc'd this Sweet, this Lovely Dame.

B B 2

To

To her the Prince, that did oppose  
Such Mighty Armies in the Field,  
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes  
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not *Belgia's* Fleet (his high Command)  
Which Triumphs where the Sun does rise,  
Nor all the force he leads by Land,  
Could guard him from her Conquering Eyes.

*Orange* with Youth Experience has,  
In Action Young, in Counsel Old :  
*Orange* is what *Augustus* was,  
Brave, Wary, Provident and Bold.

On that fair Tree, which bears his Name,  
Blossoms and Fruit at once are found :  
In him we all admire the same,  
His Flow'ry Youth with Wisdom Crown'd.

Empire

Empire and Freedom Reconcil'd,  
In *Holland* are, by Great *Nassaw*,  
Like those he sprung from, Just and Mild,  
To willing People he gives Law.

Thrice happy Pair, so near Ally'd  
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;  
Now Love has you together ty'd,  
Let none this Tripple Knot undoe.

The Church shall be the happy place,  
Where Streams which from the same Source run,  
(Tho' divers Lands a while they grace)  
United there again make one.

A thousand Thanks the Nation owes  
To *Him* that does protect us all,  
For while he thus his *Niece* bestows,  
About our Isle he builds a Wall.

390      *On the Marriage, &c.*

A Wall like that which *Athens* had,

By th'Oracle's Advice, of Wood:

Had theirs been such, as *Charles* has made,

That Mighty State till now had stood.

---

ON

O N

Reading Mr. *Waller's*  
**P O E M S.**

**I**Nhumane *Sachariffa*! not to love  
 The Man, whose Verse wou'd Rocks to pity  
 move :

Er'e since *Amphion* Sung, *they* Sense retain,  
 And *Verse* may soften all things but *Disdain*.

As *Him* the pointed Lightning of *your Eyes*,  
 Me the bright Beauties of *his Wit* surprize.

In vain like *Him* I sigh, in vain I mourn,  
 For *Waller's Muse* has *Sachariffa's Scorn*.

B 4

T O

---

---

T O A  
L A D Y:  
W I T H  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

**S**EE here how bright the First-born Virgin  
shone !

And how the first Fond Lover was undone !

Such powerful Words our Charming Mother  
spoke,

As *Milton's* are, and such as *Tours* her Look.

*Tour's* the best Copy of th'Original Face,  
Whose Beauty was to furnish all her Race.

Your Charms no Author can escape but he ;  
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

IN



I N

Imitation of *Milton*.

—Sing *Heavenly Muse,*  
*Things unattempted, yet in Prose or Rhyme,*  
*A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.*

**H** Appy the Man, who void of Cares and  
 Strife,

In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains

A splendid Shilling : he nor hears with pain

New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale ;

But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise

To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs :

Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye

Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Am'rous Flames,

*Chloe* or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glass

Witheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.

Mean

Mean while he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,  
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.

But I whom griping *Pegury* surrounds,  
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,  
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff  
(Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain :  
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home  
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff  
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black  
As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,  
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.  
Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size  
Smoaks *Cambre Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,  
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,  
Full famous in Romantick tale) when he  
O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,  
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,  
High over-shadowing rides, with a design  
To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,  
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town

Hight

Hight *Morgannania*, or where *Paga's* Stream  
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,  
Whence flow Nectarous Wines, that well may vie  
With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.

Thus while my joyless hours I lingering spend,  
With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dun*,  
Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,  
To my aerial Citadel ascends;

With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,  
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know  
The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;  
What shou'd I do, or whither turn? amaz'd,  
Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly

Of VWoodhole; streight my bristling hairs erect,  
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,  
So horrible he seems; his faded Brow

Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic Beard  
And spreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint  
Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right hand  
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves.

With

With Characters and Figures dire inscribed,  
Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert  
Such plagues from righteous men) behind him  
Another Monster; not unlike himself, (stalks  
Of Aspect sullen; by the Vulgar called  
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods  
With Force incredible, and Magic Charms  
Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm  
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay  
Of Debtor, streight his Body to the touch  
Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)  
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,  
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms  
In durance vile detain him, till in form  
Of Money, *Pallas* set the Captive free.  
Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,  
Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken,  
This Caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft  
Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,  
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch

VVith

With his unhallow'd touch. So (Poets sing)  
*Grimalkin* to Domestick Vermin sworn  
An eyerlasting Foe, with watchful eye  
Lyes nightly brooding o're a chinky gap,  
Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice  
Sure Ruin So her disembowell'd web,  
The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchin spreads,  
Obvious to vagrant Flies: she secret stands  
Within her woven Cell ; the Humming Prey  
Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils  
Inextricable : nor will ought avail  
Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue  
The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,  
And Butterfly proud of expanded wings  
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,  
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,  
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;  
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood  
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave  
Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days, But when Nocturnal Shades  
This World envelop, and th'inclement Air  
Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,  
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;  
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light  
Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk  
Of lovely friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,  
Amidst the horrors of the tedious Night,  
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts  
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse  
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,  
Or desperate Lady near a purling stream,  
Or Lover pendent on a Willow tree:  
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,  
And restless wish, in vain, my parched Throat  
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:  
But if a Slumber haply do's invade  
My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,  
Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,  
Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.

Awake!

Awake, I find the settled Thirst——

Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curle.

Thus do I live, from Pleasure quite debarr'd,  
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays  
Mature, John Apple, nor the Downy Peach,  
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,  
Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay;  
Afflictions great, yet greater still remain,  
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood  
The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,  
By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)  
A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice  
Wide discontinuous ; at which the Winds  
*Eurus* and *Auster*, and the dreadful force  
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,  
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,  
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship  
Long sail'd secure, or through the *Egean* Deep,

400      *In Imitation of Milton:*

Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near  
The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush  
On *Scylla* or *Charibdis* dangerous Rocks  
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,  
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,  
Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side  
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage;  
Resistless overwhelming; Horrors seize  
The Mariners, Death in their eyes appears, (pray;  
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they  
Vain Efforts, still the battering Waves rush in  
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,  
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

---

A S O N G.



# S O N G.

## I.

**W**hat! put off with One Denial?  
~~And not make a Second Tryal;~~

You might see my Eyes consenting,

All about me was relenting :

Women oblig'd to dwell in Forms,

Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.

## II.

**A**lovers, when you Sigh and Languish;

When you tell us of your Anguish ;

C c

To

To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,  
 When those Sorrows you are easing:  
 We love to try how far Men dare,  
 And never with the Foe should spare.

---

---

A  
S O N G.

By Mr. Check.

**B** Right *Cynthia's* Power, Divinely Great ;  
What Heart is not Obeying ?  
A Thousand *Cupids* on her wait,  
And in her Eyes are Playing.

She seems the Queen of Love to reign,  
For she alone dispences  
Such Sweets as best can entertain  
The Gust of all the Sences.

Her Face a Charming Prospect brings;

Her Breath gives Balmy Blisses :

I hear an Angel when she Sings,

And taste of Heaven in Kisses.

Four Sences thus she Feasts with Joy,

From Nature's chiefest Treasure :

Let me the other Sence employ,

And I shall dye with Pleasure.

---

THE

# THE ADVICE.

*Address'd to a Friend.*

I.

**VV** Hat has this Life to make it worth our  
Care ?

What mighty Charms can wretched We descry  
Which can so great a Plague so much endear,  
Or so ignobly make Us fear to dye?

II.

If We, by various *Passions* are distress'd,  
And daily toss'd in Life's tempestuous Seas,  
Why should We thus the friendly Dart detest,  
And fly the Blessing which affords Us Ease?

## III.

Fierce *Anger*, sordid *Fear*, and deep *Despair*,  
With all the Passions which degrade the Man;  
All these We can with servile Patience bear,  
And, tho' compleatly Wretched, still live on.

## IV.

Or else, perhaps, We *Love*; the charming Pain  
Detains Us Slaves to what will plague Us most:  
O! how we fondly hug th'ignoble Chain?  
Till Reason is in Folly's Mazes lost!

## V.

Ev'n, *Freedom*, We survive the Loss of Thee,  
Thou chiefest Blessing which Mankind can know,  
When, if We will our selves, We may be Free,  
And soar above the Skies, and see the Earth  
below.

Con-

VI.

Condemn'd to *Scorn*, to *Poverty* and *Shame*,  
 Despis'd by All, or pity'd, which is Worse;  
 If We *but* Live, if We *but* Breathe, We name  
 That Life *one* Blessing; tho'our greatest Curse.

VII.

The *Gout*, the *Stone*, like Martyrs We endure,  
 Those Torments which our dear-bought Plea-  
 sures give,  
 With all the Tortures which attend their Cure  
 We freely bear, and all in hopes to Live.

VIII.

Our Ease is transient, and our Hopes as vain;  
 With Force renew'd the Ambush'd Foe returns,  
 The poor Diseas'd finds, with redoubled Pain,  
 The Cure and the Disease torment by turns.

## IX.

But tho' unshaken Reason does proclaim,  
 That there's Eternal Ease among the Dead;  
 We quake, We sicken at the Bug bear Name,  
 And Fear almost performs the work we dread.

## X.

Tell me, deluded Mortals, tell me this,  
 Why we who are expos'd to Fortunes Hate,  
 Who see no Prospect of advancing Bliss,  
 Should drag a Life, and love th'oppressive  
 (Weight

## XI.

Come then, my Friend, with equal Cares distress,  
 Thou too kind Partner of resistless Grief,  
 Let's on to Death, the surest Way to rest,  
 And court the fancy'd Tyrant for Relief.

THE



# THE SPLEEN:

A  
Pindarique ODE.

By a LADY.

**VV** Hat art thou, *Spleen*, which every thing  
do'st ape?

Thou *Proteus* to abus'd Mankind,  
Who never yet thy hidden Cause cou'd find,  
Or fix Thee to remain in one continu'd shape;  
Still varying thy perplexing Form,  
Now a dead Sea thou'l't represent  
A Calm of stupid Discontent,  
Then dashing on the Rocks wilt rage into a Storm:  
Trem-

Trembling sometimes thou dost appear,

    Dissolv'd into a panick Fear.

On Sleep intruding do'st thy Shadows spread,

    Thy gloomy Terrors round the lent Bed,

And crowd with boding Dreams the melancholy  
    Head.

Or when the mid-night Hour is told,

And drooping Lids thou still do'st waking hold,

    Thy fond Delusions cheat the Eyes ;

    Before 'em antick Spectres dance,

Unusual Fires their pointed Heads advance,

    And airy Phantoms rise.

Such was the monstrous Vision seen,

When *Brutus* (now beneath his Cares oppress'd,

And all *Rome's* Fortunes rolling in his Breast,

    Before *Philippi's* latest Field

    Before his Fate did to *Octavius* yield)

Was vanquish'd by the *Spleen*,

Falsly

## II.

Falsly the mortal part we blame  
Of our depress'd and pond'rous Frame,  
Which, till the first degrading Sin  
Let Thee, its dull attendant, in ;  
Still with the other did comply;  
Nor clogg'd the active Soul, dispos'd to fly,  
And range the Mansions of its native Sky :  
Nor whilst in his own Heaven he dwelt,  
Whilst Man his Paradise possest,  
His fertile Garden in the fragrant East,  
And all united Odours smelt.  
No pointed Sweets until thy Reign  
Cou'd shock the Sense, or in the face  
A flush, unhandsome Colour place :  
Now the *Jonquil* o'recomes the feeble Brain,  
We faint beneath the Aromatick pain,  
Till some offensive Scent thy Powers appease  
And Pleasure we resign for short and nauseous  
(Ease.  
New

## III.

New are thy Motions, and thy Dress,  
In every one thou dost possess :

Here some attentive secret Friend

Thy false Suggestions must attend,

Thy whisper'd Grievs, thy fancy'd Sorrows hear,  
Breath'd in a Sigh, and witness'd by a Tear :

Whilst in the light and vulgar Crowd

Thy Slaves more clamorous and loud,

By laughter unprovok'd thy Influence too confess,

In the imperious *Wife* thou Vapours art,

Which from o're-heated Passions rise

In clouds to the attractive Brain,

Until descending thence again

Thro' the o'recast and showring Eyes,

Upon the Husband's softened Heart,

He the disputed Point must yield,

Something resign of the contested Field;

Till

'Till Lordly Man, born to Imperial Sway,  
Compounds for Peace to make his Right away,  
And Woman arm'd with Spleen do's servilely obey.

The Fool, to imitate the VVits,

Complains of thy pretended Fits;  
And Dulness, born with him, would lay  
Upon thy accidental Sway;  
Because thou dost sometimes presume

Into the ablest Heads to come,

That often Men of Thoughts resem'd,  
Impatient of unequal Sense,  
Such slow Returns, where they so much dis-  
pense,

Retiring from the Crowd, are to thy Shades  
confid'd.

In me, alas! thou dost too much prevail,  
I feel thy force, while I against thee rail;  
I feel my Verse decay, and my unamp'd Numbers  
fail.

Through

Through thy black Jaundies I all Objects see,  
 As dark and terrible as Thee;  
 My Lines decry'd, and my Employment thought  
 An useless Folly, or presumptuous Fault;  
 While in the Muses Paths I stray,  
 While in their Groves, and by their Springs,  
 My Hand delights to trace unusual things,  
 And deviates from the known and common way:  
 Nor will in fading Silks compose,  
 Faintly th'inimitable Rose :  
 Fill up an ill-drawn Bird, or paint on Glass  
 The Sovereigns blur'd and undistinguish'd Face,  
 The threatening Angel, and the speaking Ass.

## V.

Patron thou art of every gross abuse,  
 The sullen *Husband's* feign'd excuse,  
 When the ill humour with his Wife he spends,  
 And bears recruited Wit and Spirits to his Friends.

The

The Son of *Bacchus* pleads thy Power,  
As to the *Glass* he still repairs;  
Pretends but to remove thy Cares;  
Snatcht from thy *Shades* one gay and smiling hour,  
And drown thy Kingdom with a Purple Show'r.  
When the Coquet whom every Fool admires,  
Wou'd in variety be fair,  
And shifting hastily the Scene,  
From light impertinent and vain,  
Assumes a soft and melancholy Air,  
And of her Eyes rebates the wand'ring Fires,  
The careless Posture, and the Head reclin'd;  
The thoughtful and composed Face  
Proclaiming the withdrawn and absent Mind,  
Allows the Fop more liberty to gaze;  
Who gently for the tender Cause enquires:  
The Cause indeed is a defect in Sense;  
But still the *Spleen's* alledg'd, and still the dull  
Pretence.

But

## VI.

But these are thy fantastick Harms;  
 The tricks of thy pernicious Rage,  
 Which dost the weaker sort engage;  
 Whose are the dire effects of thy more powerful  
 Charming.

By Thee, Religion, all we know  
 That should enlighten here below,  
 Is veil'd in darkness, and perplex  
 With anxious Doubts, with endless Scruples vex,  
 And some restraint imply'd from each perverted  
 Text.

Whilst I abstain not, Touch not what is freely given,  
 Is but the Niggard's Voice disgracing bounteous  
 Heaven:

From Speech restrain'd by thy deceits abus'd,  
 To Desarts banish'd, and in Cells reclus'd;  
 Mistaken Voraries to the Powers Divine,  
 While they a püter Sacrifice design  
 Do but the Spleen adore, and worship at thy Shrine.  
 In



## VII.

In vain to chase Thee, every Art we try;  
In vain all Remedies apply;  
In vain the *Indian* Leaf infuse,  
Or the parch'd Eastern Berry bruise;  
Some pass in vain those Bounds, and nobler  
Liquors use.  
Now Harmony in vain we bring,  
Inspire the Flute, and touch the String;  
From Harmony no help is had;  
Musick but soothes Thee, if too sweetly sad;  
And if too light, but turns Thee gayly mad.  
Not skilful *Lower* thy Source cou'd find,  
Or through the well-dissected Body trace  
The secret and mysterious Ways,  
By which thou do'st destroy and prey upon the  
Mind;

Tho' in the Search, too deep for humane  
Thought,

With unsuccessful Toil he wrought,  
'Till in pursuit of Thee himself was by Thee  
caught ;

Retain'd thy Prisoner, thy acknowledg'd Slave,  
And sunk beneath thy Weight to a lamented  
Grave.

---

A  
Prospect of DEATH :  
A Pindarique ESSAY.

*—Sed Omnes una manet Nox,  
Et Calcanda semel via Lethi. Hor.*

I.

**S**ince we can die but once, and after Death  
Our State no alteration knows ;  
But when we have resign'd our Breath,  
Th'Immortal Spirit goes  
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes :  
Wise is that Man, who labours to secure  
The Mighty, and Important Stake ;  
And by all Methods strives to make  
His Passage safe, and his Reception sure.

Meerly to dye, no Man of Reason fears ;

For certainly we must,

As we are born, return to Dust :

'Tis the last Point of many ling'ring Years,

But whither then we go,

Whither, we fain wou'd know :

But humane Understanding cannot show.

This makes us tremble, and Creates

Strange Apprehensions in the Mind ;

Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates,

Concerning what, we, living, cannot find.

None know what Death is, but the Dead :

Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,

As a strange doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

## II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,

And scarce have one black painful Hour to live ;

No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,

To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb ?

How

How moving, and how mournful is the sight;  
How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous sad;  
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had  
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,  
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing  
flight?

Feeble, and languishing in Bed we lye;  
Despairing to Recover, void of Rest;  
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to dye:  
Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,  
With mighty Agonies and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

Our Face is moistned with a clammy Sweat:  
Faint and irregular the Pulses beat.  
The Blood unactive grows,  
And thickens as it flows,  
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.  
Our dying Eyes rowl heavily about,  
Their Light's just going out;

And for some kind Assistance call;

But pity, useless pity's all

Our weeping Friends can give,

Or we receive :

Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are small,

The Tongue's unable to declare,

The Pains, the Grievs, the Miseries we bear :

How insupportable our Torments are.

Musick no more delights our deafning Ears,

Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears.

But all is melancholy, all is sad,

In Robes of deepest Mourning clad.

For every Faculty, and every Sense

Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

#### IV.

Then we are sensible too late,

'Tis no advantage to be Rich, or Great:

For all the fulsome Pride, and Pageantry of State

No

No Consolation brings.

Riches and Honours then are useless Things,

Tasteless or bitter all ;

And like the Book which the Apostle eat,

To the ill-judging Palate sweet,

But turn at last to Nauseousness and Gall.

Nothing will then our drooping Spirits cheer.

But the remembrance of good Actions past.

Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,

And makes pale Death less terrible appear.

Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear,

In the dark Anti-chambers of the Grave,

What would we give, e'en all we have,

All that our Care and Industry had gain'd,

All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd;

Could we recal those fatal Hours again,

Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,

Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease;

For then they urge our Terrors, and encrease our  
Pain.

## V.

Our Friends stand weeping by,  
Dissolv'd in Tears to see us dye,  
And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity,  
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,  
Their Sorrows cannot our's relieve;  
They pity our deplorable estate :  
But what, alas ! can Pity do,  
To soften the Decrees of Fate ?  
Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.  
All their Endeavours to preserve our Breath,  
Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,  
Show us how much, how tenderly they love;  
But cannot cut off the Entail of Death.  
Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed.  
One with officious haste,  
Brings us a Cordial, we want sense to taste;  
Another softly raises up our Head :

This



This wipes away the Sweat, that sighing cries,  
See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies,  
Both Soul and Body undergo,  
His Pains no intermission know;  
For every gasp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.  
Each would his kind assistance lend;  
To serve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend;  
But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,  
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries adieu,  
Adieu, my Child, now I must follow you;  
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.  
Our Sons, who in their tender Years  
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,  
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry,  
Bless us, O Father! now before you dye;  
Bless us, and be you blest to all Eternity.

Our

Our Friend, whom equal to our selves we love,

Compassionate and kind,

Cries, will you leave me here behind,

Without me fly to the blest Seats above ?

Without me, did I say ? Ah, no !

Without thy Friend thou canst not go ;

For tho' thou leav'st me groveling here below,

My Soul with Thee shall upward fly,

And bear thy Spirit company,

Thro' the bright passage of the yielding Sky.

Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy self shall be

Incapable to separate

(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)

My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend and me.

But since it must be so, farewell,

For ever; No ! for we shall meet agen,

And live like Gods, tho' now we dye like Men,

In the Eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

The

## VII.

The Soul unable longer to maintain  
The fruitless and unequal strife,  
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,  
To keep the Counterscarps of Life ;  
By slow degrees retires towards the Heart,  
And fortifies that little Fort,  
With all the kind Artilleries of Art  
Botanick Legions guarding every part.  
But Death, whose Arms no Mortal can repel,  
A formal Seige disdains to lay,  
Summons his fierce Baralions to the Fray,  
And in a mintue storms the feeble Citadel.  
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he  
Pretends to make a solid peace :  
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,  
That we may negligent and careless be.

For

For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,  
And we believe no Danger near,  
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,  
His Troops return some unexpected way,  
While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lye,  
The secret Murderer Stabs us, and we dye,

## VIII.

Since our first Parents fall,  
Inevitable Death descends on all;  
A portion none of humane Race can miss  
But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is  
The Fears of Misery, or certain Hopes of Bliss:  
For when the Impenitent or Wicked dye  
Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,  
If any Sence at that sad time remains,  
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,  
The Earnest of that vast stupendious Woe,  
Which they to all Eternity must undergo;  
Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.

Infernal

Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,  
Like ravenous Wolves to seize upon their Prey,  
And hurry the desperate Souls away  
To the dark Receptacles of Despair,  
Where they must dwell till that tremendous  
day,  
When the loud Trump shall call 'em to appear  
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe :  
By whose just Sentence they must go  
To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe ;  
Which always are extream, and always will be so.

IX.

But the good man, whose Soul is pure,  
Unspotted, regular and free  
From all the ugly stains of Lust, and Villany ;  
Of Mercy and of Pardon sure,  
Looks thro the darkness of the gloomy Night,  
And sees the dawning of a glorious Day ;  
Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey

His Soul, when e're she takes her flight  
 To the surprizing Mansions of immortal Light  
 Then the Cœlestial Guards around him stand:  
 Nor suffer the black *Demons* of the Air  
 To oppose his passage to the Promis'd Land ;  
 Or Terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair;  
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.  
 His Prayers, his Charity, his Virtues press  
 To plead for Mercy when he wants it most;  
 Not one of all the happy Number's lost:  
 And those bright Advocates ne're want Success.  
 But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality:  
 She mourns in Triumph thro' the Sky,  
 United to a glorious Throng  
 Of Angels, who with a Cœlestial Song,  
 Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

## X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage  
 When, or how soon we cannot know,

But

But late, or early, we are sure to go,  
In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;  
We cannot take too sedulous a care.

In this important, grand Affair;  
For as we dye, we must remain,  
Hereafter all our hopes are vain  
To make our Peace with Heaven, or to return  
again;

The Heathen, who no better understood,  
Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd  
No future Miseries could be prepar'd  
For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;  
But if there were a State of Rest,  
They should with the same happiness be blest  
As the Immortal Gods, (if Gods there were)  
possess.

We have the promise of Eternal Truth,  
They who live well, and pious Paths pursue,  
To Man, and to their Maker true,  
Let'm expire in Age or Youth,

Age

Age or Youth can never miss

Their way to Everlasting Bliss :

But from a World of Misery and Care

To Mansions of eternal Ease repair ;

Where Joy in full perfection flows ;

And in an endless Circle move

Thro' the vast Round of Beatific Love,

Which no Cessation knows.



---

# PROLOGUE

TO THE

## Fate of CAPUA.

---

*By the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq;*

---

**O**UR Bard resolv'd to quit this wicked  
Town,

And all Poetick Offices lay down;  
But the weak Brother was drawn in again,  
And a Cast Mistress tempted him to Sin.

Thus many a Cautious Gallant in this Throng,  
May Wed when Old, whom they Debauch'd  
when Young.

Esq.

Thus

434 *Prologue to the Fate of Capua.*

Thus the repenting Fair Ones vow in vain,  
From Cards, from Love, from Scandal to refrain;  
For *Easter* over, they relapse again.

To Write well's hard, but I appeal to y'all,  
Is't not much harder not to Write at all.

Some Men must Write, for Writing's their Disease,

And every Poet's sure one Man to please.

Some meddling Coxcombs, rather than sit still,  
And perfectly do nothing, must do ill.

Some are with busy Dulness so o're run,

They seem design'd by Heav'n to teaze the Town.

Yet when these Fools have spawn'd some sickly  
Play,

We have so many greater Fools than they,

They'll pack a crowded Audience the Third Day.

This Poet has no sly Inveigling Arts;

He'll try to gain, but he'll not steal your Hearts.

His Muse is Rustick, and perhaps too plain,

The Men of squeamish Tastes to entertain :

Who

*Prologue to the Fate of Capua.* 435

Who none but Dutcheſſes will daign to toaſt,  
And Favours only from Front Boxes boaſt.

That's all Grimace, when Appetites are good;  
Be the Dreſs coarſe, the Air and Manners  
rude,

You can take up with whoſom Fleſh and  
Blood.

But he deſpairs of pleaſing all the Nation,  
Tis ſo debauch'd with Whims of Reformation.

H'as done his beſt; here is no Wanton Scene  
To give the Wicked Joy, the Godly Spleen :

Not one poor Bawdy Jeſt ſhall dare appear;  
For now the batter'd Veteran Strumpets here,  
Pretend at leaſt to bring a modeſt Ear.

Here is ſome Love, 'tis true, ſome Noiſe, ſome War,  
Enough to pleaſe the *Belles*, the *Beaus* to ſcare.

Some buſtling Patriots too, ſome Rabble-rout,  
And Senators of the Weak-ſide thrown out.

**436** *Prologue to the Fate of Capua.*

But in all this, here's nothing can Offend;  
Nothing to lose an ancient midnight Friend;  
He hopes'then, when his Cause comes on, they'l  
all attend.

Let Critick Foes remember 'tis past, *Lent*,  
And all Good Christians Curses then were spent.

---

# EPILOGUE,

*By Collonel Codrington.*

**P**Oets fine Titles for Themselves may find.  
 I think'm the Fool-mongers of Mankind.  
 The Charitable Quacks indeed pretend  
 They Trade in Fools only those Fools to mend:  
 Yet they would scarce the nauseous task endure,  
 But that, like *Bedlam*-Doctors, they are sure  
 To get by shewing Fools they cannot Cure. }  
 Equal in this, all Plays must be confest;  
 Fool is the Fav'rite Dish of the whole Feast.  
 In Farce the Wit's a Fool, or Fool's a Wit;  
 In Comedy, the Beau pretends a Right.  
 But Tragick Writers still agree to Plot,  
 The greatest Hero, for the greatest Sot.

E e 3

Our

Our Bard, t'indulge your Taste with vast delight,

Serv'd up a Senate full of Fools to Night.

Some buſtled hard for *Hannibal*, and ſome

Wou'd venture all the Brains they had for *Rome*.

Thus fighting Fools ſupport ambitious Knaves;

Whoe'er prevail'd, the *Capuans* ſtill were Slaves.

Our Pair of Friends ſhine far above the reſt,

With double ſhare of Fool and Hero bleſt.

Our Lover wou'd not tempt the Lady's Honour;

Yet had he boldly puſh'd, and fairly won her.

You'll all allow he wou'd leſs harm have done her.

Joys well contriv'd, are had at eaſier Price;

Thank Heav'n, our *Britiſh* Friends are not ſo nice.

Our moſt important Fool is ſtill behind;

The Man was Marry'd, Sirs, and Sick in Mind

'Twas a meer Whim of Honour coſt his Life;

The ſqueamiſh *Capuan* wou'd not ſhare his Wife.

Why, Wives are Wives, and he that will be billing,

Muſt not think Cuckoldom deſerves a killing.

What

What if the gentle Creature had been Kissing,  
Nothing the Good Man marry'd for was missing:  
Besides, the Rights of Ladies Sacred are ;  
He shou'd have been content with Neighbour's  
fare.

But she, by her coy Gallant's Crime was good;  
And was not Won, because she was not Woo'd.  
Had he the Secret of his Birth-right known,  
'Tis odds the faithful Annals wou'd have shown,  
The Wives of half his Race, more luckier than  
his own.

A N  
*ANACRONTIQUE*  
 FROM THE  
 GREEK OF *MENAGE*.

**O**Nce at a Ball young *Cupid* spy'd  
 The flower of Youth and Beauties pride  
 Divine *Corinna*; in whose Face,  
 Smiles every Charm, and every Grace.  
 He saw the Fair, he run, he flew,  
 And round her Snowy Neck he threw  
 His Arms, and cry'd with eager joy  
 Kifs, Mother, kifs thy dearest Boy  
*Corinna*, who was chaste as fair,  
 The name of *Mother* blush'd to hear.

And



*An ANACREONTIQUE.* 441

And *Virgin Modesty* betray'd

The small mistake her *Charms* had made.

The little God being vex'd to find

Himself mistaken, and thought blind,

Blush'd too; I saw his sparkling eyes,

And in his Cheeks the colour rise.

Thou should'st not thus uneasie be,

But glad that thou so well can'st see:

'Tis *He* young *Cupid*, *He* is blind,

Who can't this *plain resemblance* find,

But *truly* to discern between

*Corinna* and the *Cyprian Queen*;

They're both so equally Divine,

Requires a nicer Eye than *Thine*.

---

FROM

FROM THE

Greek of *MENAGÉ*.

**W**hen thro' the streets the *Paphian* Goddess  
run,

And cry'd the fugitive, her darling Son;

A *kiss* was the reward to be bestow'd,

More sweet than *Nectar*, or *Ambrosial* Food.

Your Son, thē Fugitive you seek, is here,

Within my Breast is hid the Wanderer :

Give me, kind Goddess, give the *charming kiss*,

Or bid fair *Celia*, and improve the Bliss.

T O

TO  
A M E S T R I S  
WITH THE  
*Ambitious Step-Mother.*

CAN you forgive me, gentle Fair,  
For the hard Part I made you wear;  
For hastning Death ere you had try'd,  
The Pleasures of a Withing-Bride.  
Touch'd to the Quick, Wits Judges cry,  
She is too good, too fair to dye;  
And the strong Concern discovers,  
That every Critick is a Lover.  
Oh ! think I have a Heart like them,  
That melts at the Resistless Flame :  
With them I own, that Age and Care  
Should plow no Furrows in the Fair ;

That

444      *To AMESTRIS.*

That you should ne'er grow old, nor dye,  
But know Eternity of Joy.  
That Springing Youth, and Rosy Bloom,  
Should always be, and be to come :  
Like them I know you form'd to bless  
Some Amorous Youth to vast Excess;  
To Sigh and Murmur while he presses,  
While with Fury he possesses:  
To give the happy, happy Swain  
Pleasure so fierce, it's almost Pain.  
All this and more I sadly knew,  
That all these Charms, this Heav'nly You,  
Fate for some other did design,  
Nor ever, ever could be mine.  
Die then I said, *Amestris* die,  
Let all the rest be curs'd as I.

*De*

*De La Fontain's*  
**HANS CARVEL**  
 Imitated.

**H** *Ans Carvel*, Impotent and Old,  
 Married a Lass of *London* Mould;  
 Handsome enough, extreamly Gay,  
 Lov'd Musick, Company, and Play.  
 High Flights she had, and Wit at Will;  
 And so her Tongue lay seldom Still;  
 For in all Visits, who but she,  
 To Argue, or to Repartee?  
 Se made it plain, that Human Passion  
 Was order'd by Predestination:  
 That if weak Woman went astray,  
 Their Stars were more in fault than they.

: Whole

446 De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*.

Whole Tragedies she had by Heart,

Enter'd into *Roxana's* Part.

To spill a Hated Rival's Blood,

The Action certainly was good ;

But like a Vine, young *Ammon* curl'd;

Oh ! That dear Conqueror of the World !

She pitied *Betterton* in Age

That Ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She first of all the Town was told,

Where newest *India* Things were sold ;

So in a Morning, without Bodice,

Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Tody's*,

To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen ;

What else in Gods name could she mean ?

For to prevent the least Reproach,

*Betty* went with her in the Coach.

But when no very great Affair

Excited her peculiar Care,

She

**De la Fontaine's *Hans Carvel*. 2447**

She without fail was wak'd at Ten,  
Drank Chocolate, then slept again.  
At Twelve she rose, with much ado  
Her Cloaths were hudd'd on by Two.  
Then, Does my Lady dine at home?  
Yes Sure---but is the Collonel come?  
Next how to spend the Afternoon,  
And not come home again too soon:  
The Change, the City, or the Play,  
As each was proper for the Day.  
A Turn in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,  
When it grew tollerably dark.

Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain,  
Strange Fancy's come in *Hans's* Brain:  
He thought of what he did not name;  
And wou'd reform, but durst not blame;  
At first he therefore preach'd to's Wife  
The Comforts of a Pious Life;

**Told**

448 De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*.

Told her how transient Beauty was,  
That all must dye, and Flesh was Grass.  
He bought her Sermons, Psalms, and Graces,  
And doubled down the Useful Places :  
But still the weight of worldly Cares  
Allow'd her little time for Prayers.  
And *Cleopatra* was read o're,  
While *Sc--t* and *Wake*, and *Twenty* more,  
That teach one to deny one's self,  
Lay unmolested on the Shelf.  
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet,  
No fear that Thumb of hers should spoil it ;  
In short, the Trade was still the same  
The Dame went out, the Collonel came,  
What's to be done, poor *Carvel* cry'd ?  
Another Batt'ry must be try'd.  
What if to Spells I had recourse ;  
'Tis but to hinder something worse ;  
The End must justify the Means ;  
He only sins, who ill intends.

Since



Since therefore 'tis to combat Evil,  
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,  
(For name him, and he's always near,)  
Not in the Shape in which he plies  
At Miss's Elbow when she lies,  
Or stands before the Nurs'ry-doors,  
To take the naughty Boy that roars;  
But, without Sawcer-Eye or Claw,  
Like a great Barrister at Law.

*Hans Carvel*, lay aside your grief,  
The Devil says—I bring relief.  
Relief, says *Hans*; pray let me crave  
Your Name, Sir--Satan, Sir, your Slave:  
I did not look upon your Feet;  
You'll pardon me--Ay, now I see't.  
And pray Sir, when came you from Hell?  
Our Friends there; did you leave 'em well?

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All well---But prithee Honest *Hans*,  
Says Satan, leave your Complaisance.  
The Truth is this, I cannot stay  
Flaring in Sun shine all the day :  
For *entre nous*, we Hellish Sprites,  
Love more the Fresco of the Nights :  
And oftner our Receipts convey ,  
In Dreams, -than any other way.  
I tell you therefore as a Friend,  
Ere Morning dawns, your Fears shall end.  
Go then this Evening, Master *Carvel*,  
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel :  
Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care,  
Whilst I the great Receipt prepare.  
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;  
Believe, for once, what Satan saith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little,  
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle.

Invited

Invited Friends some half a dozen,  
 The Collonel and my Lady's Cozen.  
 The Meat was serv'd, the Bowls were crown'd,  
 Catches were sung, and Healths went round.  
 Modish *Ratafia* for the Close;  
 Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose.  
 The Collonel toasted to the *Best*;  
 The Dame went off to be undrest.  
 The Chimes went Twelve, the Guests withdrew,  
 But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.  
 Some Modern Anecdotes aver  
 He nodded in his Elbow Chair.  
 From thence was carry'd off to bed,  
*John* held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head,  
 My Lady was disturb'd: new Sorrow!  
 Which *Hans* must answer for to morrow,

In Bed then view the Happy Pair,  
 And think how *Hymen* triumph'd there.

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*Hans* fast asleep, as soon as laid,

The Duty of the Night unpaid.

The waking Dame with Thought oppress'd,

That made her hate both him, and rest.

By such a Husband, such a Wife,

'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimia's* Life.

The Lady sigh'd, the Lover snor'd,

The punctual Devil kept his word,

Appear'd to Honest *Hans* again,

(But not at all by Madam seen)

And giving him a Magick Ring,

Fit for the Finger of a King.

Dear *Hans*, said he, this Jewel take,

And wear it long for Satan's sake;

'Twill do your business to a Hair,

For long as you this Ring shall wear,

As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,

That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

*Hans* took the Ring with Joy extream,

(All this was only in a Dream)

And

And thrusting it beyond the Joint,

'Tis done he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point.

What Point, said she, you ugly Beast ?

You neither give me Joy nor Rest.

'Tis done — What's done, you drunken Bear ?

You've thrust your Finger G--d knows where.

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